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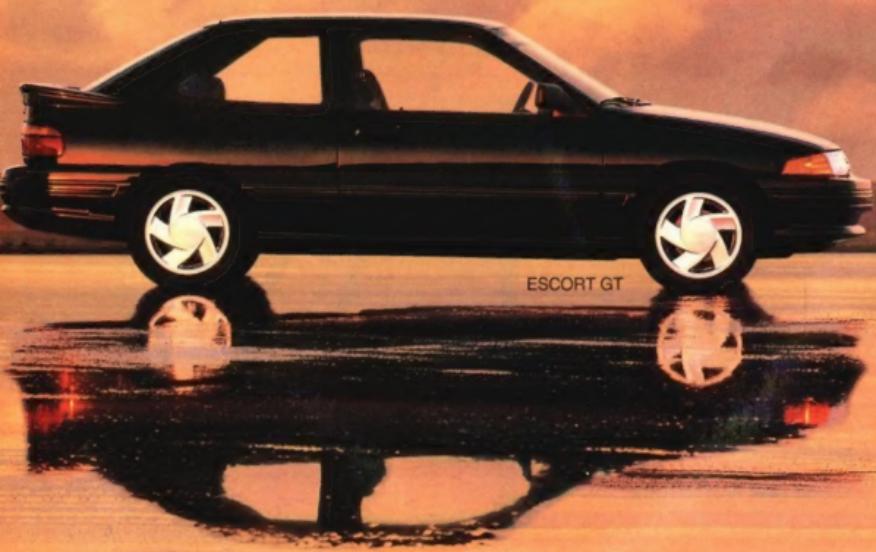
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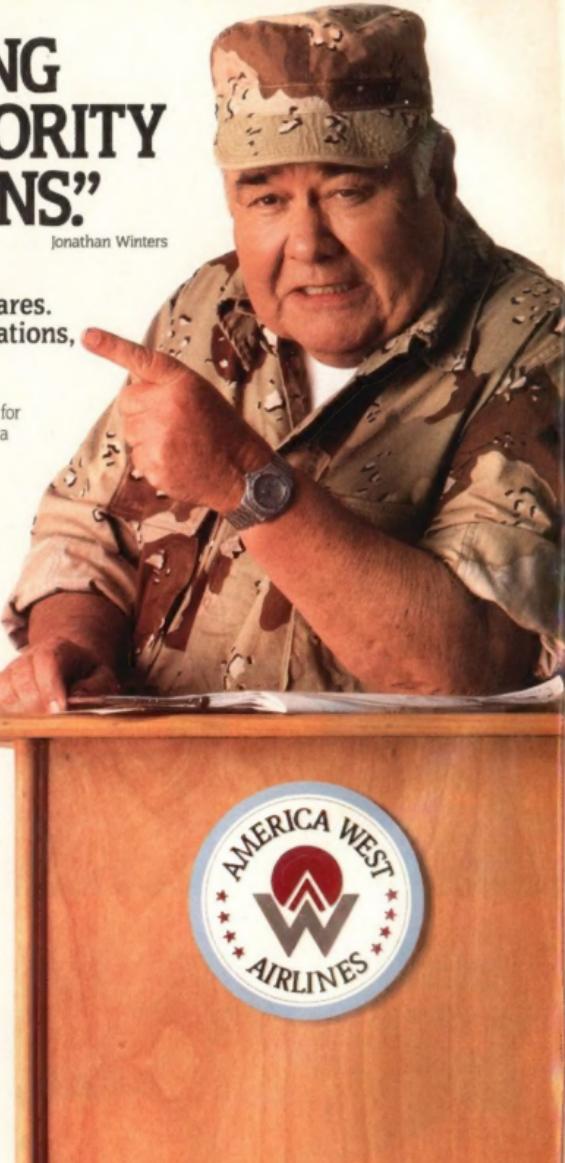
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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

**COVER STORY**
**28 WORLD:**  
**New Coke Kings**

With Medellín's drug dons behind bars, the scepter passes to the Cali cartel

**ALSO:** Could the African National Congress govern South Africa?

**20 NATION:**  
**Rightward, Ho!**

The Supreme Court conservatives are now calling the shots

**50 BUSINESS:**  
**Credit Cards Go on a Spree**

Consumers will benefit from a binge of fresh competition



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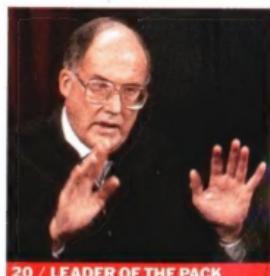
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20 / LEADER OF THE PACK



50 / PLASTIC WARS

## LETTERS

### EVIL

# "If bad isn't bad, how will we know that good is good?"

Ann Therese Palmer  
Lake Forest, Ill.



Does evil exist [ESSAY, June 10]? Of course! It exists because human beings can make choices. Some of the decisions are tragic and, yes, evil. But would we rather be creatures of instinct or blind force and have no freedom to choose? We must learn to be responsible for our choices.

Eunice J. Fleming  
Brawley, Calif.

No one commits evil except in pursuit of "improvement"—at least in the eyes of the doer. Evil is the shadow cast by good.

John A. Humbach  
White Plains, N.Y.

I always like it when TIME veers from hard news to the philosophical. Your Essay on evil cannot answer its own questions, but they are good ones to ask. My enlightened friends prefer to think that good and evil are overrated concepts, while my Fundamentalist friends like to apply good and evil tags to just about everything. Somewhere between the two, I rationalize that most of the goodness I witness results from selflessness and the evil from selfishness. In my opinion, evil is selfishness wearing a scary mask.

Bucks Burnett  
Dallas

Let's do away with the mysticism and superstition of the past and be brave enough to recognize that evil is a term applied to behavior or events that are socially unacceptable. Some cultures will view an eclipse of the moon as evil and find that murder in certain circumstances can be justifiable. Other cultures may justify the eclipse but call the murderer an evil deed. Society and culture change, and therefore evil will change.

Neil Murray  
Biggin Hill, England

Evil results from man's repudiation of God, not God's repudiation of man.

J. Erskine Ashbee  
Mobile

Good and evil are purely subjective. What we experience is either pleasant or unpleasant to a degree. As I see it, God does not exist; Hitler was a paranoid schizophrenic with political ambitions; AIDS is a disease; Saddam Hussein is a calm, intelligent man and a gangster.

Sam Turner  
Saffron Walden, England

The concept of evil is the most striking feature in a tapestry of nonsense woven by religions, political ideologues and other agents of supermorality. In the human world, the label "evil" gives us a license to isolate those aspects of our behavior that we find distasteful, allowing us to shy away from the real and knotted condition of ourselves and our societies. Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot are in each of us.

Andrew Meichan  
Falkirk, Scotland

When the time comes that no one any longer believes in hell, what restraint will there be upon wickedness and evil?

George Mitsopoulos  
Unionville, Ont.

"Does evil exist?" sounds like a rhetorical question that one mouse might ask another mouse in the forest after examining an owl pellet composed of bleached rodent bones and matted hair.

Robert Seymour  
Tokyo

I shall know there is heaven on earth when our moral alternatives stop being the lesser of two evils and start becoming the better of two goods.

Paul D. McNamara  
New York City

Evil exists because free will exists.

Hugh Maguire  
Greenwich, Conn.

Lance Morrow's piece on evil was thorough and thoughtful coverage of an elusive issue. After a devastating accident to a

good and honest man I love very much, my sanity can survive only by convincing myself that evil and good must be random.

Loretta Ann Farrell  
Yonkers, N.Y.

The essence of evil is simple. It's *live* spelled backward.

Michael H. Brown  
Niagara Falls

### Oliver Stone's *JFK*

Your suggestion that I tried to stop the making of the movie *Libra*, a fictionalized account of the J.F.K. assassination, is outrageous [CINEMA, June 10]. No one I know in the film business—not even competing studio heads—has the power to stop any movie. The dollar rules. Your mistake is in keeping with the obvious discreditation of our movie. Former New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison is called, without any justification, a "wide-eyed conspiracy buff" and "far out." Who are your "experts"? You review an unauthorized and outdated draft of the script, which amazes me since TIME usually reviews finished movies. After 25 years, don't our movie, *JFK*, and Garrison deserve a serious and fresh hearing, not old attitudes?

Oliver Stone  
Director, *JFK*  
Dallas

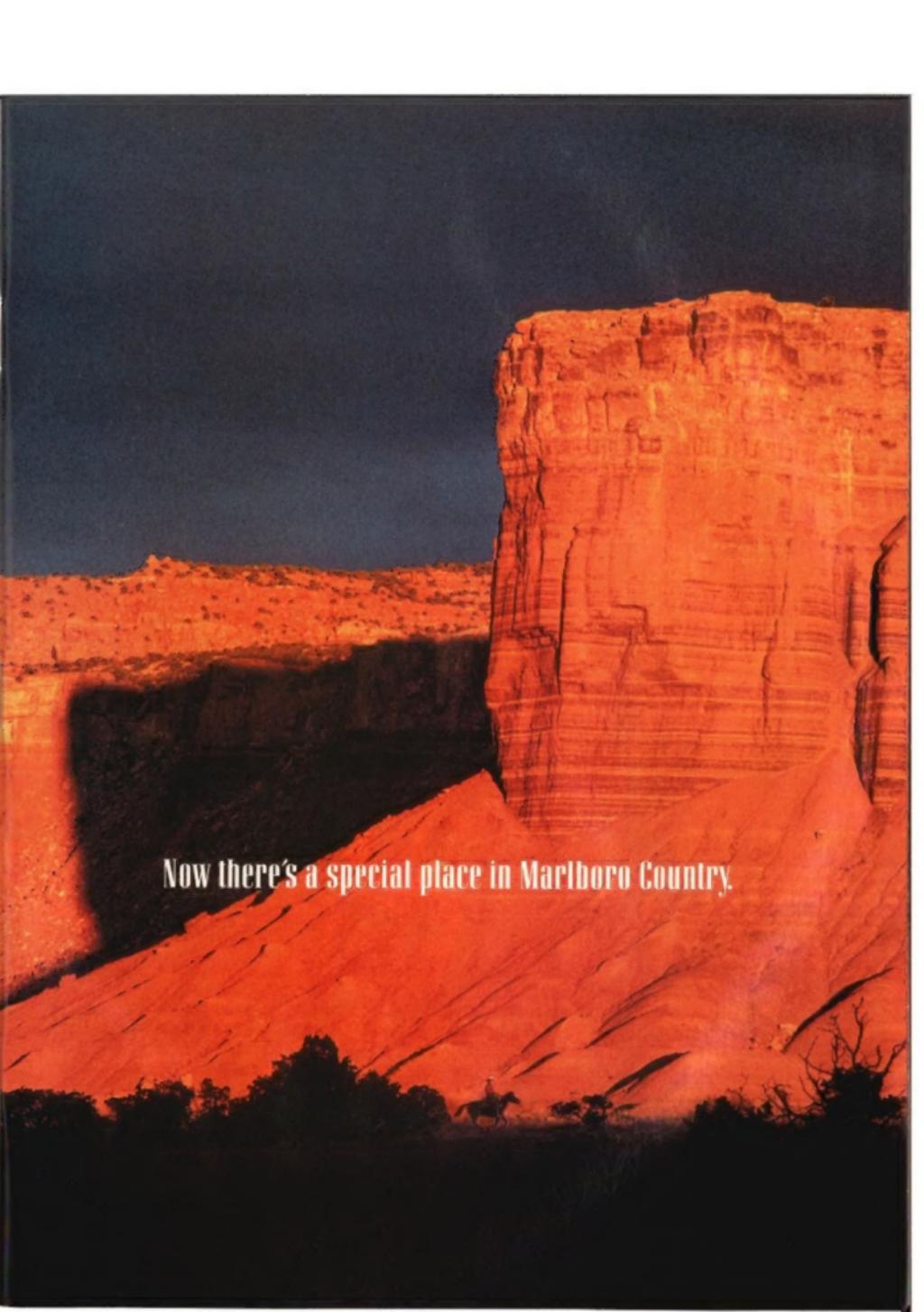
### Anti-Los Angelization

The strains of those people complaining about their areas growing to be like Los Angeles read amusingly to most of us who live here [NATION, June 10]. We admit that this city and its environs may appear at times despoiled and that our problems are pressing and serious. But we also acknowledge that we live in a city of overwhelming cultural, economic and geophysical vitality, diversity and opportunity. Because of their attitude of rejection of the city's attributes, our neighbors can rest assured they will be in no imminent danger of becoming another Los Angeles.

David Neal  
Los Angeles

Ouch! What can I say? I live in Los Angeles, and I just took a punch from your piece on the Los Angelization of the Western U.S. Even though I am an eighth-generation Californian and fifth-generation Angeleno, I admit there are problems in my town. But I will not support the theory that all the world's difficulties are rooted here. To the next person moving to Seattle: Please tell your neighbors the truth. Don't just say you're from L.A. Say you were born and raised in St. Louis or Wichita and you moved to L.A. for fame and fortune. That having failed, you're now in Seattle.

Tracy Abbott  
Los Angeles



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**LETTERS**

**Gunning Down Wildlife**

The article about shooting helpless animals [ETHICS, June 10] differentiated these gun lovers from "true hunters." Actually, it is a matter of degree. Most "sports hunting" involves using high-tech weapons to gun down helpless wildlife, often cornered by dogs. Those hunters who executed the animals a few feet from their cages did not bother with the pretense of the chase. Hunting is often associated with manliness. To me, it seems like cowardice.

Donald Fitch  
Danville, Calif.

Killing such beautiful and endangered animals in cold blood—how cowardly! As a former resident of Tanzania and a lover of exotic animals, I pray that the governments in our society will punish to the fullest those responsible for this cruelty.

Azim Hirji  
Toronto

Regular hunting is bad enough, but "canned hunting" is truly evil: a celebration of greed and cruelty.

Julia Buonocore  
New York City

**Television Murder**

Those of us who support the death penalty will welcome having the executions of murderers televised, provided the fate of the victim and his or her family is also shown [LAW, June 3]. All televised executions should be preceded by pictures of the victim's body, exactly as found, along with a description of the crime and a listing of the family left behind. Society could then make a truly balanced judgment regarding the justice of the death penalty.

Charles G. Smith  
Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

I think the video camera should stop at the death-chamber door. Taping everything up to that point—all the grim preliminaries—would show unforgettably the price for murder. The people have a right to see it if they so choose.

Edward Le Comte  
North Egremont, Mass.

In my 47 years, I have seen a suicide by shotgun, immediate deaths from heart attacks, and documentaries news broadcasts and books with pictures of all kinds of death. I don't object to showing executions on television. I just won't watch them.

Barbara Dolan  
Heber Springs, Ark.

**Garage in Space**

Dennis Overby suggests that space-station Freedom be canceled [SPACE, June 10]. This so-called garage in space would

## LETTERS

contain the highest technology available from an international group of engineers. Without it human exploration of the cosmos will be severely crippled. No one ever wants to fund large-scale science projects that seem at first to offer little gain to the average person but almost always provide significant benefits later.

*Robert P. Williams  
Danbury, Conn.*

Space will be explored, and the nation that leads the way will dominate the following years, as Spain did after discovery of the New World. Unfortunately, we will not be that nation, nor do we deserve to be, because of our lack of commitment to space exploration. One should lead, follow or get out of the way. It appears that those entrusted with charting our nation's future have chosen the last course.

*Mark J. Bolton  
Grand Terrace, Calif.*

At a time when this country is suffering a recession, the national debt is in the trillions and many hardworking Americans are losing their jobs, it is lunacy for the Federal Government to spend billions on a space station. When we had money to burn, it seemed a worthwhile challenge. To support this pic-in-the-sky project now smacks of a "let them eat cake" attitude.

*Diane Leonhardt  
East Brunswick, N.J.*

It is obvious to me that American scientists think they are the greatest. Why can't they get together with the rest of the world and help build an international space station? It would cut the cost. The time for going it alone is over.

*William E. Peterson  
Aire sur l'Adour, France*

## Starving Children

Now that the honeymoon with the Arab sheiks is nearing its end, let's examine the true dimensions of the Desert Storm "victory" [HEALTH, June 10]. How dare our government utter the words human rights when it so callously ignores the human suffering it continues to inflict on a population and its innocent children? The criminal embargo on Iraq has to be stopped. Why does the United Nations remain silent? It is obvious that George Bush's new-world-order policies are built on Machiavellian principles.

*Angela Stanat  
Hacienda Heights, Calif.*

Why isn't Saddam Hussein blamed for this suffering? He created this tragedy for his people. TIME reported earlier that Saddam has apparently hidden millions of dollars for his personal use. Why isn't there a call for him to release these millions to buy food and initiate hospital repairs? If the

people of Iraq don't want to rid themselves of the person who caused so much of their sorrow, why should we feel guilty for what's happened in their country?

*Debra Wilson  
Long Beach, Calif.*

## Pink Protector

Regardless of the MGM Pathé suit against a gay and lesbian organization calling itself Pink Panthers [GRAPEVINE, June 10], my late husband Maurice Norman Richlin would have loved the idea that his Pink Panther is being used to protect people. As a liberal screenwriter, he would have been repelled by gay bashing.

*Louise J. Richlin  
Los Angeles*

## Is Black Evil?

Evil is not black, say numerous readers who voiced objections to TIME's use of black for its Evil cover story [June 10]. "It is regrettable that you promoted this false symbolic equation," wrote Edward R. Danks, pastor of Noroton Presbyterian Church in Darien, Conn. MaryLou Bonney Karp of Creskill, N.J., felt we were promoting the racist's association of black with evil: "Wake up, or just turn off the

# BLACK

alarm and go back to sleep." Said the Rev. Michael Piazza of Dallas: "Printing evil in black only perpetuates the racism that still rules in this country. That is evil." Kent Methmann of Carpinteria, Calif., noted, "Evil can be of jelly-bean hues, not Darth Vader black." Though the roots of the word are confusing, to the ancient Hebrews black symbolized death, humiliation and mourning because black absorbs all colors and buries the light.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:

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Letters should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone, and may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

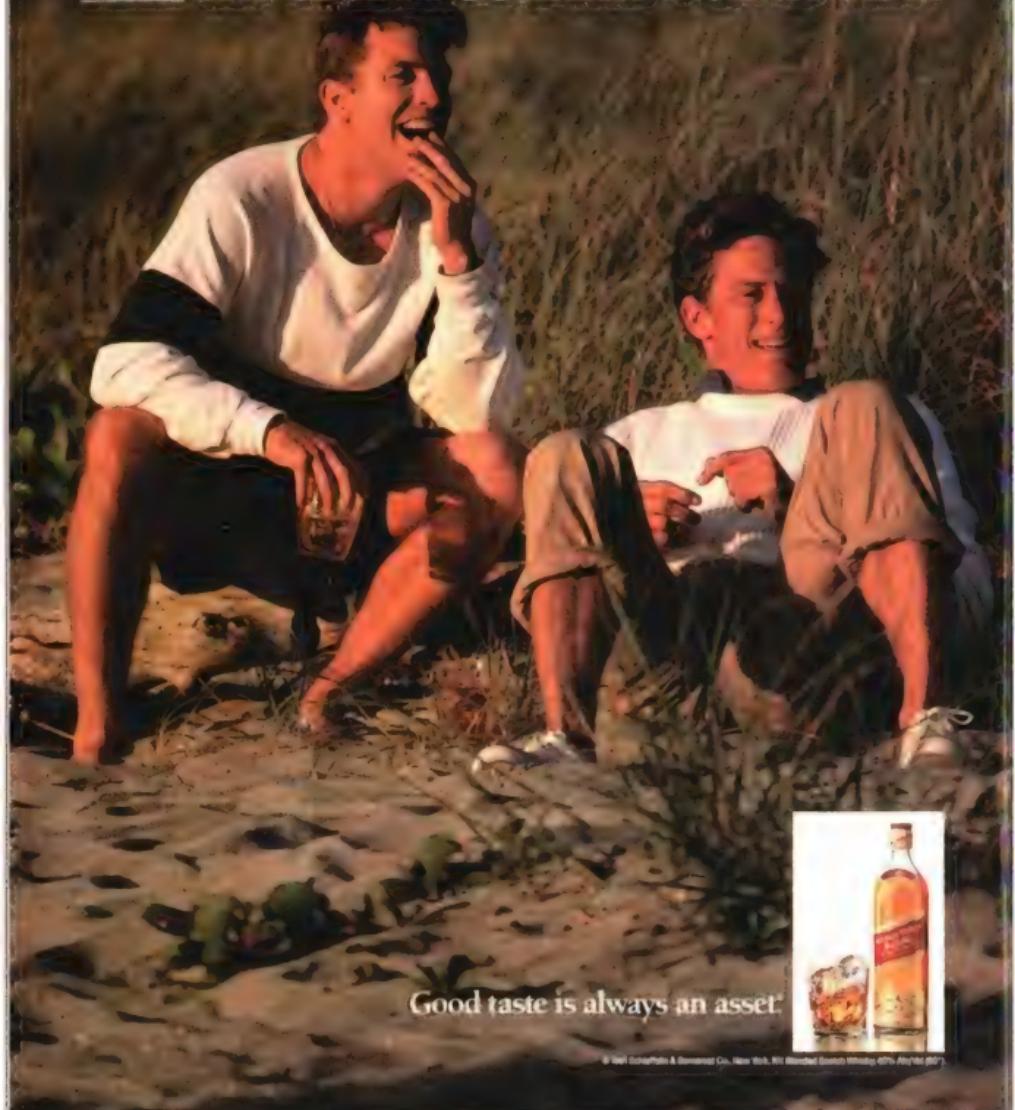
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## INTERVIEW

# The \$40 Billion Controversy

NASA's chief, Admiral RICHARD TRULY, argues that an American space station is a better investment than any social program

By JEROME CRAMER WASHINGTON

**Q.** Congress debated eight hours before approving your space station earlier this month. But many remain unconvinced that the benefits of the project match its price tag. Why does the U.S. need it?

**A.** There are several answers, but essentially we need to build space station Freedom with our foreign partners to keep the leadership position the U.S. holds in space. Look at how foreign countries now hold the dominant economic positions in so many parts of American life. That's not true of space. In this area we are still the world's leader. We've spent \$5 billion in the station's development and definition. We've created a complex international partnership. We need, I believe, to keep this position as No. 1. It's a matter of both world leadership and economics.

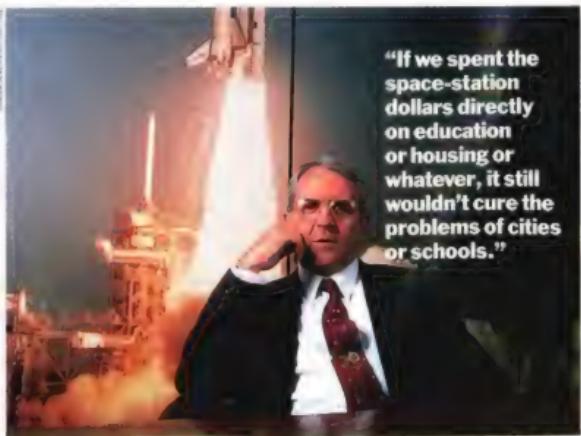
**Q.** But for \$30 billion or \$40 billion? Couldn't we keep this leadership position by building something smaller, cheaper and more manageable?

**A.** Space station Freedom is an inevitable step in the march to space exploration. It is the linchpin of planning for the entire manned space program. It is the only way to put humans in space, to learn about

their physiology so that generations in the next century can explore the cosmos more safely and confidently. Keep in mind, the fight we won in the House of Representatives to keep the station alive was about more than the space station. It was a fight for the entire space program. It's unthinkable that this nation, based on our history, science and technology for the past 30 years, would turn its back on manned space efforts.

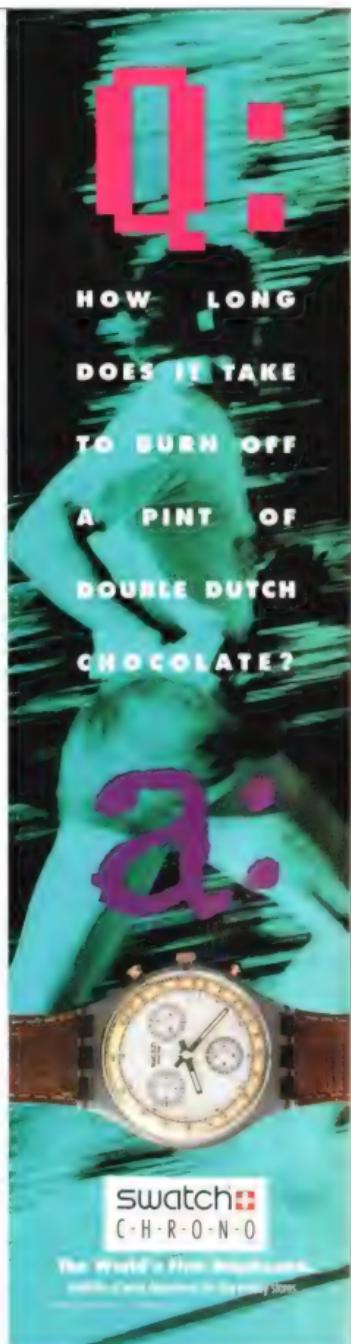
**Q.** In these times of budget limitations, can we afford the luxury of manned space programs? What are the payoffs?

**A.** On one level, various studies show that for every dollar spent on manned space exploration there is an economic benefit of from \$7 to \$9. Freedom will pay dividends by providing new research in the areas of environmental control and life-support research, power generation and health-care technologies. But a large part of space exploration pays off in ways that can't be quantified. The discovery factor can't be downplayed; the fact that we'll be in space looking at areas of science that could lead to cures for disease can't be ignored. If there, but you can't put a dollars-and-cents price tag on that, it's like trying to weigh the cost and benefits of going to the moon.



"If we spent the space-station dollars directly on education or housing or whatever, it still wouldn't cure the problems of cities or schools."

TIME, JULY 1, 1991



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## INTERVIEW

**Q. Doesn't this sound a little like a Republican "trickle-down" theory of science—spend money and hope it helps someone later or results in a cure for cancer or some other disease? Why not spend the money directly on scientific research or give the money to schools to improve education?**

**A.** This is not a Republican idea, and the space station is not a Republican project. The strong bipartisan vote in the House proved that. But to answer your question, if we spent the space-station dollars directly on education or housing or whatever, it still wouldn't cure the problems of cities or schools. There isn't enough money in the NASA budget to cure those problems. If NASA were cannibalized that way, you wouldn't have a space station or a leadership role in space. We also wouldn't have touched the pressing problems of schools, housing or cities in any significant way.

**Q. But couldn't this money be spent directly on science projects within NASA to greater effect?**

**A.** There's no guarantee that the money cut out of the space station would remain in NASA. When the House Appropriations Committee earlier tried to kill the space station, the money did not go to science, certainly not to science within NASA. The money would most likely fund other uses in society. Those who say that savings from reduced space exploration will go to increase direct science spending are politically naive. Killing the space station would hurt all NASA programs.

**Q. The station has gone through at least half a dozen designs and redesigns. It has been reduced from eight astronauts to four. Are you convinced that this current plan is the best space station possible?**

**A.** Space station Freedom will meet its objectives. It's time to get the sketches off the boards and build it. If we go through another redesign, it could be the end of the century before the station is ever built. I believe this is the space station for us to build. It will perform world-class life-science studies that are needed to explore space. If it is killed, it will totally destroy the balance in NASA between manned and unmanned exploration. Again, this attack on the station was an attack on manned spaceflight. If Freedom is killed, it will set back space exploration—both manned and with robots—at least a generation. We've got to walk through this door to find out more about the effect of space on man before we can continue exploring the universe.

**Q. Some members of Congress hit you hard. One called it "Space Station Lite—one-third the mission for nearly four times the price." Another said it was simply an employment program for the aerospace community. Your reaction?**

**A.** Such charges are irresponsible. At a time when the defense industry is laying off employees, the space station promises to employ 100,000 workers. This program is at the very essence of our nation's economic vitality. It's not about jobs so much as it is vision, daring, exploring. These are the things that made America great. Killing the station would undercut our leadership role in science and high technology. It would hurt our aerospace industry—one of the few areas in which we still enjoy a favorable balance of trade. And it would put at risk our ability to make and maintain international commitments.

**Q. To pay for the space station, the House essentially capped all other increases in NASA programs such as advanced physics research and space-shuttle funding. Did your other scientists object?**

**A.** Some did, but we are working with the Senate to get the funds restored. Those projects have been planned for years. We haven't given up the fight for those funds. By the way, I would fight just as hard if nonmanned programs were threatened by cuts. I'd come out of my chair if Congress tried to cannibalize one program to pay for another.

**Q. What about NASA's program to build a hypersonic-transport plane that could take people across the Pacific in a matter of hours? Is this still on the mark?**

**A.** The U.S. canceled the first supersonic-transport program because of environmental concerns. It was too noisy to make economically realistic. But research continues at NASA on a new generation of planes and engines. Our job is to fund basic research and then let the private companies—Boeing and others—decide whether the plane should be built.

**Q. What about Mission to Planet Earth, another multibillion-dollar NASA project? Will Congress take aim at this expensive venture?**

**A.** The program is poorly understood and promises unbelievable benefits. It's essentially a large number of satellites and earth-observing stations that will accurately measure the earth's atmosphere. We'll be able to see where the ozone layer has been damaged, for example, and see if something can be done to fix it. It's an indication that NASA funds programs looking at both today's problems and tomorrow's possibilities.

**Q. You've just had astronauts in orbit for an extended period. That's something you used to do. Do you miss being in space? Is it hard for you to sit on the ground and watch them?**

**A.** You bet it is. Until this recent work on the budget, I'd attended every launch since *Challenger*. I love to see them go up and to be there when they land. I'd trade slots with any of them in a minute. ■

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## TRAVELER'S ADVISORY

Compiled by Emily Mitchell

**I**t's a picnic, it's a party, it's summertime, and the hills—valleys and city streets too—are alive with the sound of music, of drama, of good times. The pageants go on all across the land; all you have to do is get there.

Summer festivals are an American rite, as varied and delightful as a dazzling July 4 fireworks. They can be elaborate affairs with star performers who draw throngs. Or they can be simple: a series of concerts or readings in the park for listeners lolling on the grass. Leading dance companies and symphony orchestras emerge from their winter homes to blossom in dells or along breezy lakeshores.

Opera companies and rep theaters haunt the deserts at night. Cultural traditions and folkways are everywhere on display. This year is the bicentennial of Mozart's death. New England mountain greenery will echo with his works; a traveler can head westward, enjoying the composer's pieces in big towns and small and, in late August, take in a grand *Amadeus* finale in the vastness of the Hollywood Bowl.

As usual, all the country's a summer stage, and Shakespeare is a frequent player on it. But just around the next curve, or beyond the highway bypass, are dramas that pay tribute to home-spun heroes and celebrations that honor a bit of local lore. The stage is set. Take your pick. Herewith a sampling of the best, the most unusual, the most down-home, the most moving and the most fun that the country has to offer itself in this festive season.



<b>Alaska Discovery</b> Prince William Sound 7/20-7/25 25th anniversary celebrations by various Alaskan and Siberian towns	<b>High Country Cowboy Festival</b> Alta, Wyo. 7/19-7/21 A howdown in verse as cowboy poets recite their works, singing and yodeling too	<b>"Song of Norway"</b> Mn. Horeb, Wis. 7/12-7/27 75 professional and amateur performers honor the town's ethnic heritage	<b>Chicago Air &amp; Water Show</b> Chicago, Ill. 7/27-7/28 Including aircraft and support vehicles of Operation Desert Storm	<b>Glimmerglass Opera</b> Cooperstown, N.Y. 7/25-8/26 Works by Mozart and Beethoven near the Baseball Hall of Fame			
<b>Bumbershoot</b> Seattle, Wash. 8/10-8/12 The Northwest's most dazzling showcase of performing arts	<b>Oregon Bach Festival</b> Eugene 8/10-8/12 Sojourn works by the Baroque master and the Duke Ellington Orchestra	<b>Bloomington Gold Corvette U.S.A.</b> Bloomington, Ill. 8/12-8/13 30,000 enthusiasts—and hundreds of guess what kind of car?	<b>Grand Teton Music Festival</b> Jackson Hole, Wyo. 7/9-8/24 Superb scenery and 42 concerts by first-rate musicians	<b>Marlboro Music Festival</b> Marlboro, Vt. 8/10-8/14 Rising stars and stellar veterans in a dozen chamber-music concerts			
<b>Oregon Shakespeare Festival</b> Ashland 7/1-8/29 The Shrew, <i>J. Caesar</i> and <i>Henry VI</i> on the Elizabethan Stage	<b>Cabrillo Festival</b> , Santa Cruz, Calif. 7/2-8/4 Innovative musicmaking, world premieres and classical masterpieces	<b>"The Great Passion Play"</b> Eureka Springs, Ark. 7/26-7/26 The town's a Victorian national treasure, but the play's the thing	<b>Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival</b> Lee, Mass. 7/16-8/1 A premier gathering for modern dance	<b>Newport Music Festival</b> Newport, R.I. 7/29-8/26 A potpourri of concerts in the atmospheric "cottages" of the 400 terraces			
<b>Aspen Music Festival</b> Aspen, Colo. 8/6-8/25 Virtuoso honor Dvorak's 150th birthday and—of course—Mozart	<b>Navajo Nation Tribal Fair</b> Window Rock, Ariz. 8/4-8/8 North America's largest Native-American festival: rodeo and traditional crafts	<b>Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival</b> Santa Fe, N.M. 7/8-7/13 A sumptuous offering that includes all of Shostakovich's instrumental chamber works	<b>Bat Flight Breakfast</b> Carlsbad Caverns, N.M. 8/3 Sunrise feasts in the national park while the bats return to their daytime roosts	<b>"Texas!"</b> Canyon Through 8/24 Outdoor drama of Panhandle history set in the stunning Palo Duro Canyon State Park	<b>Louisiana Shrimp and Petroleum Festival</b> Morgan City 8/25-8/26 Homage to two of the state's big industries with gospel jazz, blues and rodeo	<b>Hemingway Days Festival</b> Key West, Fla. 7/25-7/27 Spectacular sunsets, moonlighting and a Papa look-alike contest	<b>W.C. Handy Music Festival</b> Florence, Ala. 7/4-8/10 Blues in the night and day—to honor the town's native son

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By Stanford Scott  
**JACKIE JOYNER**

Jackie Joyner, a 3,404 points  
runner from the East St. Louis Ralier Club, re-scored 101 points in the  
second set a national record. High jump  
and Throwing  
Girls National Postion were teammates on the  
Yakima, who has anti-girls track team this year.  
joined potential, scored season as well as her  
an all time 101 points. Ralier teammates  
to establish the new record. At the Region VIII  
record. Jackie's break, Ralier in Norman  
in the five events, Oklahoma, one East St.  
two Ralier qualified  
14-17 girls  
Carmen Cannon, a  
student was a  
in the 14-17 girls  
meter hurdles and  
appear on national  
3 vision in 1.1 million  
of 1.1 million  
some time  
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**A**t the Seoul Olympic

Games millions saw Jackie

Ioyner-Kersee finish the

Women's 100-Meter High

Hurdle in seconds—12.69 to

be exact. What they didn't

see were the 17 years of

persistence and determination

it took to get there. We at

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and spirit it takes to become

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You see, having made Ray-Ban®

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bit about. So as you watch

the upcoming games, keep

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has earned three Olympic

medals and a reputation

for being the world's

premier track and field

athlete. An achievement

we believe shows just how

far great vision can

take you. **Ray-Ban**

Sunglasses by  
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## GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS / Reported by Linda Williams

### THE ARMS PIPELINE THAT CAME FIRST

A book due out next month makes provocative disclosures about the tangled relationship between U.S. and Israeli intelligence services. According to Major General Avraham Tamir, a retired senior Israeli defense official quoted in *Dangerous Liaison*, the **REAGAN ADMINISTRATION** approved Israeli arms shipments to Tehran for use against Iraq in 1981, long before the Iran-contra affair. Authors Andrew and Leslie Cockburn say the transfers were part of a strategy to head off Soviet influence in the gulf region. The book also describes in detail Operation KK Mountain, in which the CIA secretly paid Israel as much as \$20 million annually throughout the 1980s to operate as its surrogate in the Third World. Security sources also told the writers that the Israelis have placed remote-controlled nuclear devices in the Golan Heights to deter an invasion by Syria.



Did Iran fight Iraq with early U.S. help?

### JUST PASSING THROUGH, THANKS

Mikhail Gorbachev's crackdown in the Baltics has not stopped two other republics from defying the Soviet military. A U.S. analyst monitoring the U.S.S.R. says there is virtually an open border between Iran and the Central Asian state of **TURKMENISTAN** and parts of **AZERBAIJAN**. Bowing to popular pressure, border guards have deserted their posts, allowing a free flow of goods and people in both directions.

### EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE BEING WATCHED?

Two men are keeping a close eye on **DAN QUAYLE**, and they aren't members of his Secret Service detail. **BOB WOODWARD** and **DAVID BRODER** of the *Washington Post* plan to track the Vice President for the next few months for a series of articles on his conduct in office. White House officials, worried about the inevitable rash of "Is he ready?" stories during the '92 campaign, have told Quayle's staff to avoid the *Post*. But Quayle decided to cooperate, figuring the two reporters would gain access to advisers anyway.

### PUTTING THE BLAME ON NORM

Congressional Democrats are seething over **NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF**'s condemnation of Washington "fairies" who exaggerated the dangers of war. Many legislators contend that during a Riyadh briefing last autumn, the general emphasized the strength of the Iraqi army and predicted as many as 20,000 U.S. casualties. "This guy contributed in no small degree to the Democratic opposition to the war," complains a Senate staffer.

### NO BREATHING ALLOWED

Should works of art carry a government health warning? A piece being displayed at New York City's New Museum of Contemporary Art could have used such a caveat. When *Eclipse of the Earth* by Kazuo Katase was installed last month, the work's dusty red coloring agent contained zinc sulfide and barium sulfate. The chemicals caused severe respiratory and skin problems for some employees, they claim. A staff memo admitted that "ingestion of the pigment will cause illness, and the inhalation of the dust is known to cause lung irritation." Although the powder was replaced 12 days later, three workers resigned and a fourth entered the hospital for treatment.

### VOX POP

Do you watch too much television?  
Yes 30% No 69%

Do your children watch too much television?  
Yes 47% No 51%

From a telephone poll of 1,000 American adults taken by TNS International for Entertainment Weekly. Sampling error: ± 3.1%. Margin of error: ± 3% among children.



Why are my ears burning?



THEY DO  
COME  
BACK  
... BUT  
NOT AT  
THE SAME  
PRICE



#### ACTOR

Arnold  
Schwarzenegger

Macaulay Culkin

Al Pacino

Sigourney Weaver

Jack Nicholson

Sylvester Stallone

#### MOVIE

The Terminator  
Terminator 2

Home Alone  
Home Alone Again

The Godfather  
The Godfather III

Alien  
Alien III

Chinatown  
The Two Jakes

Rocky

Rocky V

#### SALARY\*

Less than \$1 million  
\$11 million jet

\$110,000  
\$4.5 million

\$35,000  
\$5 million

\$30,000  
\$4 million

About \$50,000  
\$5 million

\$25,000  
\$20 million

\*Not including percentage of box office

## FROM THE PUBLISHER

"Any reporter who covers crime knows that when the flashbang goes off at the front door, the SWAT team is storming the back door," says correspondent Elaine Shannon. And so, when Pablo Escobar Gaviria, the ferocious leader of the Medellin drug cartel, surrendered to authorities in Colombia last week, Shannon knew that the real story lay elsewhere. "Escobar is a terrific sound-and-light show," she says. "But people of such towering stupidity always flame out." In her eyes, the group to watch is the Cali cartel. And, as deftly laid out by her in one of this week's cover stories, its members have the brains.

"I look at organized-crime groups the way I might analyze companies in which I am considering investing," says Shannon, who has kept tabs on the Cali group since 1984. "Medellin had more wholesale and retail outlets, but the organizations were sloppy and high-handed. Cali, on the other hand, is always finding new ways to handle high volume with efficiency and security. They're like the Detroit and the Japanese automakers used to be."

Shannon is the author of *Desperados: Latin Drug Lords, U.S. Lawmen, and the War America Can't Win*. The book was turned into last year's Emmy-winning mini-series *Drug Wars: The Cárdenas Story*. She began working on our cover piece last fall by interviewing U.S. drug-trafficking experts. In March she went to Colombia to describe the world of the cartel chiefs.

Meanwhile, TIME's Latin America bureau chief, John Moody, and Bogotá reporter Tom Quinn had been angling for an interview with cartel patriarch Gilberto Rodriguez Orejuela. Finally, word came in April that the "Chess Player" was ready to talk. Moody and Quinn flew from Bogotá to Cali and waited tensely



Elaine Shannon, in Washington, looks at organized-crime groups the way she might analyze companies for investment

**The Medellin cartel is a terrific sound-and-light show, but the Cali group has the brains**

for a phone call. "We began to worry: Had Rodriguez changed his mind or, worse, was this some elaborate trap?" John recalls. About 50 journalists have been killed in Colombia since 1980. But the call eventually came, and they were driven to meet Rodriguez. The Cali chief talked calmly. "There was no blood dripping from fangs, no guns in hidden holsters, no ugly threats," says Moody. "My abiding impression of Rodriguez is that he could be anyone's dad or uncle." And that's the true terror.

Robert L. Miller

## The world's first Olympic fax network is off and running.



As one of the world's leading fax machine makers, Ricoh has been responsible for a number of world's firsts. Now included among these, is the creation of the world's first Olympic fax network. For the first time, the International Olympic Committee

in Lausanne, Switzerland, is linked by fax to Olympic family members in more than 150 countries. As the Winter and Summer Games grow nearer, Ricoh is proud to help smooth the awesome flow of information needed to get them off to a smooth start.



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for generations to come.*

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*we will be judged.*

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TIME/JULY 1, 1991

## JUSTICE

# Right Face!

**In the final stretch of the term, a conservative majority solidifies its hold on the Supreme Court and prepares an assault on the Warren legacy**

By RICHARD LACAYO

The former Supreme Court Justice William Brennan used to tell his clerks, "Five votes can do anything around here." That was in the days when Brennan regularly stitched together a narrow liberal majority on a high bench that was delicately balanced between left and right. Those days are over. Five votes can still do anything. But now it's the court's increasingly assertive right wing that usually has them—and sometimes more.

As the court heads toward the conclusion of its latest term, it has finally completed its decades-long transformation from the liberal bastion of former Chief Justice Earl Warren into an aggressively conservative body—one that seems poised to alter some of the major rulings of the past. To fellow conservatives, the right-wing majority may look like the cavalry galloping to the rescue. Battered liberals are more apt to see them as the ravaging horsemen of the Apocalypse. The only question is how far they will go in undoing the liberal legacy in such areas as church-state relations, individual liberties, the rights of criminal defendants and abortion.

The new majority, led by Chief Justice William Rehnquist, has been building in slow motion. In the early 1970s, during Rehnquist's first few terms on what was still a liberal-leaning bench, he was so isolated that his clerks took to calling him the Lone Ranger. These days he no longer rides alone: he routinely joins a group that includes Reagan appointees Antonin Scalia, Anthony Kennedy, Sandra Day O'Connor and Bush appointee David Souter. Having written only a few rulings since joining the court this term, Souter remains something of an enigma; yet he has clearly provided the right wing—spearheaded by



**Family portrait of the nine Supreme Court Justices: standing, Kennedy, O'Connor, Scalia, Souter; seated, Blackmun, White, Rehnquist, Marshall, Stevens**

Rehnquist and Scalia—with a crucial fifth vote in a number of important cases in which his predecessor Brennan would almost certainly have been on the opposing side.

Nor are the conservatives strictly limited to those five votes. Byron White is likely to join them on some cases, often those involving criminal law and police powers. Even John Paul Stevens supports them on many free-speech issues. That leaves Thurgood Marshall and Harry Blackmun, both 82, the oldest members of the court, as its only unbudging liberals. "The swing Justices no longer control the outcome," says Duke University law professor Walter Dellinger. "There's no swing Justice, really."

For years the court spared lawmakers

the hard task of resolving difficult issues like abortion and school desegregation by imposing solutions in a constitutional wrapping. The new court is far more likely to toss such explosive matters back to state legislatures and Capitol Hill. "We're playing a rear-guard action just trying to keep what we have," says California Democrat Don Edwards, who chairs the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights. "Congress has to do the work we had counted on the court to do."

In its next term, which begins in October, the court will probably have a clear opportunity to overturn the 1973 *Roe v. Wade* ruling that granted women the constitutional right to have an abortion—just as the presidential election season gets under

way. Last week both houses of the Louisiana legislature overrode Governor Buddy Roemer's veto of a bill that would prohibit virtually all abortions, except to save the life of the mother or in some cases of rape or incest. The new law was rushed before a federal judge in New Orleans, who will hold a hearing next month on its constitutionality, the first step on the road to the Supreme Court, where antiabortion laws from Pennsylvania, Utah and Guam are also headed.

Any of those laws could provide the court with an opportunity to overturn *Roe*—a prospect that seemed nearer than ever after last month's decision in *Rust v. Sullivan*. In that case, by a 5-to-4 vote in which Souter sided with the conservatives,



## CONFLICTING VIEWS OF JUSTICE

WILLIAM REHNQUIST:

**"Government . . . may validly choose to fund childbirth over abortion."**

—Majority opinion in *Rust v. Sullivan*, which forbade federally funded health clinics to discuss abortion

SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR:

**"This court is not empowered to forbid law enforcement practices simply because it considers them distasteful."**

—Majority opinion in *Florida v. Bostick*, which approved the police search of bus passengers' luggage without a warrant

THURGOOD MARSHALL:

**"The majority itself tosses aside established precedents without explanation, disregards the will of Congress, fashions rules that defy . . . reasonable expectations."**

—Dissenting opinion in *McCleskey v. Zant*, which made it more difficult for death-row prisoners to petition for review of their cases

BYRON WHITE: **"Today a majority of the court, without any justification . . . dislodges one of the fundamental tenets of our criminal justice system."**

—Dissenting opinion in *Arizona v. Fulminante*, which ruled that coerced confessions could sometimes be used as court evidence

## Nation

the court ruled that doctors, nurses and other care providers at clinics that accept federal funds cannot even mention abortion to their patients. "I've never had much hope for this court," says Colleen O'Connor, public-education director for the A.C.L.U. "But I was never as dispirited as when it came down with the *Rust* decision. In some ways, it's not safe to bring a civil liberties case to this court."

Making the court unsafe for all kinds of cases is part of the conservative agenda. A sampling of last week's rulings gives a good indication of the court's current rightward tilt:

► In a 5-to-4 vote, the Justices made it more difficult for inmates to win lawsuits to improve their prison living conditions. Now they must prove that prison administrators had acted with "deliberate indifference" to basic human needs.

► In another 5-to-4 decision, the court ruled last week that states and local governments may ban nude dancers in bars and other adults-only establishments. The decision was narrow in its effects—G-strings and pasties make the dancing O.K. under the Indiana ban—but Rehnquist's defense of the law may open the way to other stricter laws governing sexual conduct.

► Voting 6 to 3, the Justices decided that police may search a bus passenger's baggage if he agrees, even if they have no warrant or probable cause to suspect him of any crime. "Working the buses," as the police call it, has become a common method of interrupting the interstate flow of drugs.

Last week's ruling followed a string of recent decisions that gave police the power to conduct searches without warrants. The court also decided during this term that suspects who were arrested without warrants may be held for up to 48 hours before police press charges.

The conservative sway is by no means absolute; the liberal wing can still claim an occasional victory. Last week the Justices ruled 6 to 3 that the 1965 Voting Rights Act applied to the election of state and local judges. That gives blacks and other minorities an opportunity to bring lawsuits to change voting methods in the 41 states where some judges are chosen by ballot. In an important victory for women's rights, the court ruled unanimously in March to disallow so-called fetal-protection policies that bar fertile women from jobs that might pose dangers to an unborn child.

**R**ehnquist and his fellow conservatives moved aggressively this term to capitalize on their majority—even to the point of deciding issues that had not been formally raised before them. For example, they ruled that coerced confessions were not automatically barred from use as trial evidence, though the case at hand did not require them to pronounce on that question. In another case, involving the rights of crime victims, they have asked both parties to reargue a Burger Court ruling that neither side had questioned.

A court that approves challenges to settled law tends to invite more of them. To

anyone unhappy with the legacies of the old Supreme Court, the new Supreme Court appears to be sending this message: come up and see me sometime. With several of the Justices scornful of court-imposed restrictions on church-state relations, new attempts to restore school prayer are likely, as well as laws that approve the use of government funds for parochial schools.

After decades of waiting to reverse the liberal court trend, Rehnquist's impatience is almost palpable. Conservatives often used to accuse the Warren Court of taking decisions out of the hands of Congress and state legislatures. But even as his court is kicking some issues back to lawmakers, the Chief Justice has been willing to do some of his own legislating from the bench. A revealing case in point is his persistent effort to streamline capital punishment. For years Rehnquist urged Congress to pass a law that would prohibit death-row inmates from repeatedly filing so-called habeas corpus petitions requesting that their verdicts or sentences be reconsidered in court. Rehnquist complained that they needlessly dragged out death sentences and crowded the court with mostly frivolous petitions.

But legitimate habeas corpus petitions have been crucial to death-row inmates whose lawyers, many of them lacking experience in complex capital cases, often miss crucial issues at the trial level. Some 40% of all death sentences are overturned because a federal judge agrees there was some constitutional error in the verdict or sentence. Much of the legal profession was therefore pushing for a compromise that



Roemer foresees a minefield of litigation

## Abortion Test Cases

**W**ith a surprisingly strong vote in both houses, Louisiana's legislature last week overrode Governor Buddy Roemer's veto and enacted the strictest antiabortion law in the land. The measure imposes up to 10 years in prison and a \$100,000 fine for any doctor who performs an illegal abortion, although the woman undergoing the procedure would not be punished. Exceptions would be allowed only if the mother's life was threatened by pregnancy or if she had been the victim of rape or incest. Ignoring Roemer's demands for broader protections for such victims, however, the legislature added the requirement that the alleged act of rape or incest be reported to the police within one week for the abortion to be considered legal. Said the Governor: "[The law is] going to be expensive to litigate, impossible to implement, totally unfair to women who have been brutalized and raped."

framers of Louisiana's bill hope it can provide the test case that will prompt the U.S. Supreme Court to reconsider the landmark 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision. But Louisiana's law is competing for that distinction against existing laws in three other jurisdictions:

**PENNSYLVANIA.** Enacted in 1989, Pennsylvania's statute could well be the first to reach the high court because it is the furthest along in the federal appeals process. Last year a federal dis-

would reduce such petitions while guaranteeing that indigent defendants could obtain more competent attorneys when they were tried for capital crimes.

But Rehnquist would not relent. When both federal judges and Democratic leaders in Congress resisted his efforts to expedite executions, he moved to achieve the same result from the high bench this term. His vehicle was a Georgia case, *McCleskey v. Zant*. Though it meant going further than the case required, the persuasive Chief Justice fashioned a 6-to-3 majority in favor of setting up procedural obstacles to repeated habeas corpus requests.

If Rehnquist is the muscle behind the present conservative majority, Scalia provides the intellect. Despite his affable manner, Scalia can be intense in debate and uncompromising in his rulings. As the only present court member who was once a full-time law professor, he is prone to lecture his colleagues—sometimes in injudicious terms. In a 1988 concurring opinion, for example, he called one of O'Connor's arguments "irrational" and said of another that "it cannot be taken seriously."

Scalia's strongly held legal principles and unyielding manner prevent him from playing the role of court politician that was a specialty of William Brennan, who could adroitly adjust his written opinions to attract the votes of his wavering fellow judges. "When Scalia states his view in the strongest terms, often the other conservative Justices drop a footnote saying they don't necessarily agree," says Joseph Grano, a law professor at Wayne State University in Detroit. But the hard edge of Scalia's writings is the very thing that has made

him especially influential with judges in the lower federal courts, where they appreciate the clear guidance he offers as to how they should apply Supreme Court precedents.

One article of faith among conservative jurists is that the courts are no place for resolving questions better left to the legislative branch. The Supreme Court is already taking that to heart. During this term it agreed to hear arguments in just 125 cases, down sharply from 170 two years ago. One reason for the decline is that since two-thirds of all current federal judges are Reagan or Bush appointees, Rehnquist and his like-minded colleagues are seeing fewer lower-court rulings with which they sharply disagree. The high court's conservative majority has also been handing down decisions, such as the one last week on inmate lawsuits, that make cases more difficult to bring to trial and to win. "The argument that has the greatest effect nowadays is for judicial economy," says Columbia University law professor Vincent Blasi. "They're working very hard to cut down on opportunities for litigation."

**A**t the same time, liberal groups are steering clear of the federal courts, fearing defeat at the lower levels or worse at the top, where their cases might be seized upon as an opportunity to overturn important liberal precedents. They haven't given up litigating, however. Organizations such as the NAACP Legal Defense Fund and the ACLU have been turning more often to the state courts. Though state judges were once regarded as cracker-barrel reaction-

aries, these days some state constitutions have been interpreted by the courts to provide more specific guarantees of individual liberties than the federal Bill of Rights.

What hope do liberals have now that the tide is running against them on the Supreme Court? One recourse is to turn to Capitol Hill. When the high bench acts to interpret congressional legislation, Congress can vote to overrule the Justices—if that vote can survive a presidential veto. That's a big if. House and Senate committees both have approved legislation intended to overturn *Rust v. Sullivan*, but Democrats in Congress doubt they will have the two-thirds majority necessary to override an almost certain veto. The same is true in the bruising fight over a new civil rights act—the one Bush labels a quota bill—that was introduced to overturn a string of Supreme Court rulings that made it harder for minorities and women to sue employers for discrimination.

Liberals can take heart in the tendency of some Justices to shift views during their years on the bench. Blackmun moved to the left from his first days on the court. On the whole, O'Connor has drifted toward the center. Souter, who voted the same way as O'Connor in dozens of cases this term, may yet do the same. But the possibility of gradual leftward movement is cold comfort to liberals who realize their two aging champions, Marshall and Blackmun, may eventually be replaced by George Bush appointees. And that would almost certainly turn the conservative bloc into a juggernaut that will dominate the court well into the next century. —Reported by Julie Johnson/Washington and Andrea Sachs/New York

strict court struck down provisions requiring a 24-hour waiting period, notification of the husband, and a state-sanctioned lecture from a doctor about the pros and cons of abortion. But the Pennsylvania law may not be the ideal test case for Roe v. Wade: it focuses on procedural stumbling blocks to abortion rather than decreeing an outright ban, and could thus allow the court to skirt the constitutional issue.

**GUAM.** Although this 212-sq.-mi. U.S. territory is located in the North Pacific, 6,000 miles from California, and has a population of just 120,000, it became the center of controversy last year after enacting what was then the nation's most restrictive antiabortion measure. It outlaws all abortions except when pregnancy endangers a woman's life; violators face up to a year in jail and a \$1,000 fine for obtaining an abortion or aiding a woman doing so; doctors performing the procedure may be jailed for up to five years. A federal district court found the law unconstitutional, clearing the way for a challenge to be heard before a federal appeals court.

**UTAH.** Approved by Governor Norman Bangerter in January, Utah's statute permits abortions only if pregnancy results from rape or incest, if childbearing could cause "grave damage to the pregnant woman's medical health" or if the procedure is intended to prevent the birth of a child with "grave defects." The state has refrained from putting the measure into effect until a federal district court rules on its constitutionality.



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## ESPIONAGE

# Con Man or Key to a Mystery?

**Ari Ben-Menashe adds fuel to the allegations that William Casey crafted a deal in 1980 to delay the release of the American hostages held by Tehran**

By NANCY GIBBS

It's especially hard to solve a mystery if all the people who actually know the truth are either accomplished liars, adamantly mute, or already dead. Such a conundrum is facing investigators who are still trying to unravel the Iran-contra scandal and other baroque plots that American officials may have hatched in the Middle East over the past decade. Last week, as yet more charges came to light, there was no shortage of fingerprints, plot twists or stool pigeons. But there was a desperate shortage of certainty, perhaps because when truth is stranger than fiction, the two are harder to separate.

There are a handful of people who could plausibly answer the frightening questions that date back to 1980. Did Reagan campaign officials conspire with Iran to delay the release of the hostages until after the election? For how long did U.S. officials secretly help supply weapons to Iran? Were they also helping the Iraqis to illegally acquire missile parts and chemical weapons? If they were willing, Ronald Reagan, George Bush and Iranian President Hashemi Rafsanjani could probably answer; if they were still alive, former CIA Director William Casey, Israeli counterterrorism expert Amiram Nir and Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini could.

And so can I. claims Ari Ben-Menashe, a former Israeli intelligence officer who clings like kudzu to every new conspiracy theory that sprouts in the thicket of conflicting tales. Since the others aren't talking, even his wild charges get a wide audience. He was among the first to leak the details of secret U.S. arms sales to Iran back in 1986. He is one of the sources behind the stories about a purported "October surprise" hostage deal in the 1980 campaign. And now he has told Senate investigators that between 1986 and 1988 the Reagan Administration was secretly supporting shipments of

arms—including chemical weapons—to Iraq, despite pleas and complaints from Israel about the dangers that Baghdad posed to its neighbors.

As charges mount that the Reagan Administration consistently violated both the law and its own stated policies, the Senate Intelligence Committee seems compelled to at least hear out even the most outlandish tales that come its way. The lawmakers

officials in Madrid, at which they allegedly discussed delaying the release of the 52 American hostages in Iran in return for shipments of arms through Israel. Ben-Menashe also claims that Gates attended a final meeting in October in Paris, which included not only Casey but the vice-presidential candidate and former CIA chief, George Bush. President Bush has repeatedly denied being present at that meeting, calling the charges "baldfaced lies."

Ben-Menashe did not stop there. He told Senate investigators that during the Iran-Iraq war, the CIA secretly helped ship weapons to Iraq, including missile parts and chemical arms. At the time, the U.S. was officially embargosing arms sales to Iraq, but privately tilted toward Baghdad out of fear that an Iranian victory could spread Islamic fundamentalism throughout the region. Ben-Menashe now belatedly portrays Gates as a central figure in the secret arms sales and describes meetings in Tel Aviv, Santiago and Kansas City at which the transfers were discussed.

In response to the charges, Gates sent over to the Intelligence Committee a foot-high stack of travel documents and work logs covering the period of August 1980 to the present, which White House officials say prove beyond question that he could not have been at the secret

meetings that Ben-Menashe says he attended. Committee investigators went over to the White House to check secondary and tertiary records. They showed that on many of the dates, Gates was attending government meetings or had other ironclad alibis.

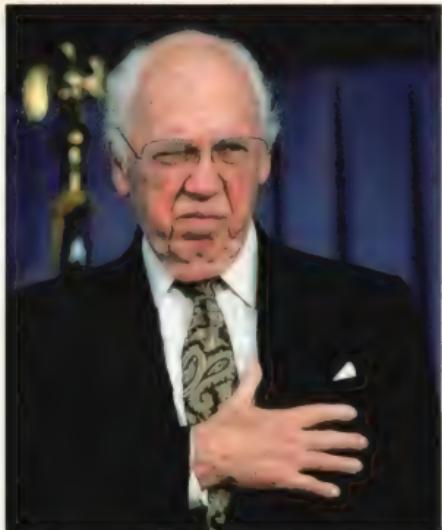
As for the claim that Bush and Gates were in on the October 1980 meetings in Paris, other sources dispute the charge. Last week ABC's *Nightline* and the *Financial Times* of London, acting as an unofficial grand jury, sorted through the evidence about the Madrid and Paris meetings. They found hotel records indicating that Iranian arms dealers Jamshid and Cy-



**THE ACCUSER:** Onetime Israeli intelligence officer Ben-Menashe tells of covert arms sales to Iraq and 1980 talks with Iran involving Bush and Gates, now CIA director-designate

must decide whether to recommend confirmation of White House deputy for national security affairs Robert Gates as the new CIA director. Ben-Menashe's claims have provided another wrinkle, since he charges that Gates while serving on Jimmy Carter's NSC staff and then as Casey's deputy at the CIA, participated in illegal operations.

Over Memorial Day weekend, Ben-Menashe arrived in Washington bearing allegations about Gates that went far beyond his handling of the Iran-contra scandal. Ben-Menashe charges that Gates was present at three 1980 meetings between William Casey, then manager of Reagan's election campaign, and Iranian



## THE ACCUSED:

Did William Casey, left, barter a delay in the release of American hostages in return for U.S. weapons shipments to Iran? Dead men tell no tales. But Gates, right, has travel records and work logs to prove that Ben-Menashe's story is a fabrication.

rus Hashemi, the alleged go-betweens for Casey and Tehran, were in Madrid when the meetings supposedly occurred. They also reported that neither Casey's family nor Republican campaign officials could document his whereabouts on the dates in question. But Jamshid Hashemi denied that Bush was involved in the Paris session.

Chameleons are doomed to have credibility problems, and Ben-Menashe is no exception. He is an Iranian-born Jew of Iraqi parentage who attended an American school outside Tel Aviv. He smokes Marlboros, listens to Mozart and speaks Farsi, Hebrew, Arabic and English. He went to work for Israeli intelligence in 1974, where his language skills helped him crack the codes of intercepted Arabic and Iranian communications. After Iraq invaded Iran in 1980, he says he became part of an Israeli team to supply Iran with military equipment. By his breathtaking, and implausible, account, \$82 billion worth of arms were shipped over the next few years.

In 1989 he was arrested in California on charges of attempting to smuggle C-130 transport planes to Iran. In his defense he declared that he had acted on behalf of Israeli intelligence—but Israeli officials at first denied even knowing him, and later dismissed him as a lowly translator. Ben-Menashe sat in jail without bond for 11 months before he was acquitted in a jury trial.

Israeli officials continue to insist that he was never more than a desk jockey and

that all his accounts of being a major player in global intelligence are bogus. "All the work he did for us was done in his room while sitting at his word processor," says a colonel in Israeli military intelligence who was Ben-Menashe's last boss.

In August 1983 his boss wanted to send Ben-Menashe to the Israeli military attaché's office in Washington to work as a translator. He then appeared before a committee for a routine job-qualification examination. The committee's report was blunt: "It was found that he has serious personality disorders."

**E**ven so, some knowledgeable—and skeptical—experts do not dismiss Ben-Menashe as a gifted con man. His information, with its richness of detail and its grains of truth, was enough to win the attention of some journalists and investigators who are trying to piece together the truth behind the conspiracy theories. Gary Sick, the former Carter White House official whose lengthy investigations refocused attention on the "October surprise" story in April, admits that he was deeply suspicious of Ben-Menashe's tales at first. But one by one, at least some of Ben-Menashe's stories have turned out to be plausible. Among them: that Casey and the Iranians had met in March or April, as ABC News suggested. Previous accounts had the meetings taking place months later.

Likewise, investigative reporter Seymour Hersh, who is writing a book about Is-

rael's nuclear program, has found some of Ben-Menashe's testimony credible. Ben-Menashe claims to have operated at one time out of Ayacucho, Peru, where he says his job was to protect supplies of minerals essential to Israel's nuclear program. At one point, Hersh devised his own test of the agent's veracity. He handed Ben-Menashe a list of 10 minerals, asking him to pinpoint the critical ones for nuclear-weapons production. Ben-Menashe checked three, and they were the right ones.

It might be easier to judge Ben-Menashe's credibility if anyone could pinpoint his motives. He portrays himself as a patriot who was angered at Gates for helping Israel's enemies. "I didn't do anything for myself," he told TIME. "I did it for Israel." He is also in the process of writing his memoirs, so he may be looking for some limelight. He says he is frightened and bitter at the Israelis for abandoning him.

Ben-Menashe, on balance, appears to be a practiced poseur. But his charges will continue to attract attention as long as questions linger about the Reagan Administration's bizarre dealings with Iran and Iraq. If Casey in fact cut a deal with Iran to delay the release of the hostages, the act would verge on treason. If no such bargain was ever struck, the reputations of innocent men have been smeared. Either way, it is long past time to get to the bottom of the mystery.

—Reported by Ron Ben-Yehuda/  
Tel Aviv, Dan Goodgame and Bruce van Voorst/  
Washington

THE WHITE HOUSE

# A Bad Case of the Perks

**Why does Sununu keep embarrassing his boss? Because he thinks he shouldn't pay for anything.**

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

George Bush assumed that John Sununu had learned his lesson. After revelations about the White House chief of staff's misuse of Air Force jets embarrassed the Administration, the President ordered Sununu to obtain a lawyer's O.K. before taking any more government-paid flights. Bush was trying to reinforce an ethical standard he had long stood behind: senior aides must avoid even the appearance of improper behavior.

If Sununu hadn't exactly been grounded, he had certainly been sent to his room. But Bush underestimated the depth of Sununu's ethical obtuseness and his zeal at finding a way around the rules. Like a rebellious adolescent, Sununu sneaked down the stairs, grabbed the car keys and slipped out of the White House. After all, the old man had only said, "Don't take the plane." He didn't say anything about the car.

Overcome by a sudden urge two weeks ago to buy rare stamps, Sununu ordered the driver of his government-paid limousine to drive him 225 miles to New York City. He spent the day—and nearly \$5,000—at an auction room at Christie's. Then he dismissed the driver, who motored back to Washington with no passengers. Sununu returned on a private jet owned by Beneficial Corp.

Bush was again forced to choose between two values he holds dear: loyalty to his staff and the pursuit of ethical purity. He tried to split the difference, defending Sununu's joyride as "appropriate." Bush even backtracked on his own ethical standards for the first time, saying, "You shouldn't be judged by appearance. You ought to be judged by the fact." This reversal steamed White House aides. Asked what Sununu would have to do to really anger Bush, a bemused White House official cracked, "He'd have to knock over a bank, I guess."

Bush, however, did order Sununu to clear all future corporate flights in advance with both White House lawyers and bookkeepers. The President acted shortly before the *Washington Post* printed a story claiming that Sununu, his wife Nancy and an aide had personally so-

llicted rides on jets owned by companies that do business with Washington. White House counsel C. Boyden Gray had blocked three such requests, but sources told the *Post* that an aide to Sununu had misinformed Gray about the identity of a fourth benefactor. In a statement on Saturday, Sununu admitted that "some mistakes were made."

Delusions of grandeur are Sununu's biggest problem. He craves the challenge of public life but demands the perks of the corporate suite. His need for the trappings of power is so great that he chose to spend five hours enthroned in the back of a dark-windowed sedan rather than 45 minutes in steerage on the shuttle flight to New York.

Some associates say, however, it wasn't really a love of perks that sent Sununu by ground but fear of getting snickers from fellow passengers. Silly man: the unspoken code of the New York shuttle dictates that no one pays the famous—or the infamous—any attention.

Nor is it money that keeps Sununu from flying commercial. Though he often complained about being underpaid as Governor, he and his wife, who works for the Republican Governors Association, earned combined salaries of more than \$150,000 last year. Moreover, Sununu has access to \$250,000 in leftover New Hampshire campaign funds.

Already this year, he has dipped into the fund to pay for catering, printing and taxes. Now that two more of his eight children have finished college, he finally has, an aide remarked, "some discretionary income." What all Sununu is a bad case of a strange complex that overcomes people who are enamored of perks: once they become used to expense-account living, they don't want to pay for anything, no matter how deep their pockets.

Sununu's addiction to perks is proved by his insistence that he needs to get out of Washington in

order to talk with what he calls real people. As he said in Des Moines last week, "There are some folks who keep asking why I have to travel. The fact is that the Bush Administration really does love to spend time with folks who make up the heart and soul of the nation ... Frankly, we'd rather listen to you than the self-styled experts in Washington." However, his definition of real people is curious: beyond the weekly Republican fund raisers—or the session at Christie's—Sununu rarely leaves his splendid cocoon.

It is easy to mistake Sununu's value to Bush as merely that of an unshakable link to the G.O.P.'s right wing. In fact, Sununu's real value is the role he plays as the President's enforcer, the "abominable no man," who acts as a lightning rod for the well-liked Commander in Chief. But Sununu's ethical lapses are now backfiring on Bush, causing the President such embarrassment that Sununu's future is in doubt. Some officials who never liked Sununu but balked at criticizing him feel less restrained now that he is under fire. Several of them suggested last week that Sununu does not realize how much damage he is doing to his relationship with his boss. Says one: "Sununu is self-destructing, but not out of his job. He's just self-destructing out of being influential with Bush."

Those who know the President best suspect that he has probably decided to jettison his deputy—but not anytime soon. That would be too humiliating for both men. "He'll dump Sununu," says an official, "when there's a natural transition." But that might not arise until after the 1992 election. —With reporting by Barbara Burke/  
New York and Dan Goodgame/Washington



At Christie's, Sununu bought this set of 1930 Graf Zeppelins for \$1,100



**Sleazy rider:** Sununu emerging from his limo in 1990

## AMERICAN NOTES



Zachary Taylor's remains are returned to his grave

### PRESIDENTS

## Tales from the Crypt

The first U.S. President to be assassinated was Abraham Lincoln—or was it Zachary Taylor? Last week the coroner in Louisville exhumed the body of the 12th President, who died on July 9, 1850, five days after consuming a large amount of ice cherries and milk at a sweltering Independence Day celebration at the Washington Monument. Back then, Taylor's sudden death was attributed to gastroenteritis. But Clara Rising, a Florida writer who is researching a book about Taylor, believes

he may have been murdered.

Samples of Taylor's hair, bones and fingernails will be tested for traces of arsenic poisoning. If any are found, they would strengthen Rising's theory that Taylor was targeted by proslavery Southerners angered by his support for the admission of California and New Mexico into the Union as free states. Said Dubney Taylor, the President's great-great-grandson: "Rumors have been running through the family for years. I'm just glad somebody is finally going to do something about it." The prime suspects: Senator Henry Clay of Kentucky, Vice President Millard Fillmore and two unnamed Georgia politicians. ■

### HEALTH CARE

## The Check's Not in the Mail

The idea was to protect the elderly poor from the cost of health insurance by having the government pay the \$29.90 monthly Medicare premium for people over 65 whose annual income is less than \$6,620. But, according to the 1990 agreement between Congress and the Social Security Administration, in order to obtain the benefit, people had to apply for it. Families USA, an advocacy group for senior citizens, charges that 2.2 million people eligible for the program never made applications because the

government didn't tell them about it. The monthly premiums continued to be deducted from their Social Security checks, saving the government \$800 million so far this year.

Dr. Gail Wilensky, the Federal Health Care Financing Administrator, claims the agency did not know how to reach eligible seniors. "Saying poor, elderly people are out of luck if they don't know the program exists—because the government isn't going to tell them—is disgraceful," says Representative Henry Waxman of California, principal author of the 1990 provisions. Family USA hopes that seniors will soon get their benefits. If they don't, it will sue the government. ■

### CONGRESS

## Gray Bows Out

During six terms as a Congressman from Philadelphia, William H. Gray ascended to the most prominent House leadership post ever held by a black: Democratic whip. In time, Capitol Hill insiders speculated, he could have become Speaker. Last week Gray flabbergasted both rivals and supporters by resigning from Congress to become head of the United Negro College Fund.

Gray stressed that he was leaving to devote more time to his family and the Philadelphia church that he pastored. Since few people in Washington ever voluntarily abandon a powerful position, his hasty departure sparked speculation about his real motives. He declined to comment on rumors that inves-



The majority whip quits politics

tigations of his finances have driven him away, and the Justice Department also refused to comment. The more plausible explanation is financial: leaving Congress will enable Gray to become a member of corporate boards and greatly increase his income. ■

### GREAT ESCAPES

## Flossed and Found

Officials at the Hays County Jail in San Marcos, Texas, should have been suspicious when inmates bought hundreds of yards of dental floss from the

prison commissary. The inmates were not concerned with dental hygiene. They braided the floss into a rope that they fashioned into a ladder with stirrups made of fabric threaded through cardboard salt and pepper shakers. Using hacksaw blades smuggled into the prison in the soles of bathing slippers,

the trio managed to saw through two of three Plexiglas panels in a window of their dorm cellblock.

After guards spotted the missing panes, the ladder was found under an inmate's mattress. Last week Arthur Harris Stier, 33; Ian James Holbs, 32; and David Gregory Surasky, 37, pleaded guilty to attempted escape. "It was ingenious," marvels Assistant U.S. Attorney Gerald Carruth. "That dental floss is strong. When it's braided, it's like nylon. If they had made it through the window and up the ladder, only a mesh screen stood between them and escape." ■



Inmates' ladder and the broken window

## TABLE OF ORGANIZATION OF THE CALI CARTEL

### SANTACRUZ FAMILY



**José Santacruz Londono**  
**Don Chepe, "El Gordo"**  
47, considered designer of  
worldwide trafficking networks  
Arrested for gun possession in New York in 1977, but jumped bail



**Luis Santacruz**  
**Echeverri, "Lucho"**

Half brother of Don Chepe  
Convicted of drug trafficking in Miami  
in 1990, sentenced to 30 years



**Edgar Alberto**  
**García Montilla**

Financial adviser to Don Chepe, jailed  
in Luxembourg for money laundering

### RODRIGUEZ OREJUELA FAMILY



**Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela**  
**"The Chess Player"**  
52, thought to handle finances for the cartel  
Arrested in Spain at U.S. request in 1984,  
extradited to Colombia, tried and acquitted



**Miguel Angel**  
**Rodríguez Orejuela**  
47, Gilberto's younger brother  
CEO of the family's legitimate business empire

### JAIME ORJUELA CABALLERO FAMILY

Cousins  
of Gilberto  
Rodríguez



**Jaime Orjuela Caballero**  
Alleged family boss in Colombia



**Henry**  
**Orjuela Caballero**  
In jail in New York, awaiting  
trial for drug trafficking



**Carlos**  
**Orjuela Caballero**  
Arrested in Los Angeles, 1991,  
out on bail



**Gilberto**  
**Orjuela Caballero**  
Indicted in Los Angeles, 1981

### PACHO HERRERA ORGANIZATION

**Pacho Herrera**  
Said to be the son of smuggler Benjamin Herrera Zuleta

### URDINOLA BROTHERS

**Ivan Urdinola Grajales**  
Mysterious Cali rancher, believed to traffic in drugs  
in New York City and Los Angeles

**Fabio Urdinola Grajales**  
His brother and factotum

## COVER STORIES

# New Kings of Coke

**Now that Pablo Escobar is behind bars, the Cali cartel controls the lucrative—and deadly—business of putting cocaine on America's streets. Here is how drug sellers do it—and why it is so hard to stop them.**

By ELAINE SHANNON WASHINGTON

To their admirers, they are Horatio Alger heroes, poor boys who worked their way out of the slums and backwaters of the Cauca Valley. One-time delinquent José Santacruz Londoño studied engineering, went into construction and emerged as Don Chepe, a billionaire whose marble citadel looms high above the

brothers, who are prominent impresarios of concerts and sporting events in Cali, travel frequently to New York City and have offices in Los Angeles. Ivan Urdomila Grajales and his younger brother Fabio, cattlemen and landowners from the northern Cauca Valley, are said to be exploring a regional television network. Pacho Herrera, believed to be the son of Benjamin Herrera Zuleta, an Afro-Colombian smuggler known as the "Black Pope," is a wealthy

Cali cartel is the most powerful criminal organization in the world. No drug organization rivals them today or perhaps any time in history."

Most people think the narcotics trade belongs to Medellín. It did in the 1980s, when that city's cartel did more than anyone to put cocaine on the street corners of America. But Medellín's drug power has been shattered by its long and vicious war on the Colombian government. A 22-

## CELLS

**Dozens of overseas branches (cells) managed from the home office in Cali. Each cell, directed and staffed by Caleños, organizes the logistics of importing, storing and distributing cocaine to wholesale buyers, then launders the cash.**

Call is responsible for 80% of the cocaine sold in New York City



## WHOLESALE

**Colombians who buy from the cartel, take delivery in two-minute meetings with cell operatives, then sell at a markup to middlemen. They cut the cocaine and resell it to street dealers.**

The Cali cartel is now the world's top producer of cocaine, and has seized control of the wholesale market in the U.S. and Europe



Leto Lopez, a New York Caleno, the model of a cell boss: discreet, efficient, no mistakes allowed

sugarcane fields of Cali, the country's third largest city.

Down the road, in the new-rich suburb of Ciudad Jardín, is the modern compound of Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela. Nicknamed the "Chess Player" because he runs his business—and life—with cold calculation, he parlayed youthful jobs as a drugstore clerk by day and a kidnapper by night into a vast network of enterprises, including a pharmacy chain, office and apartment buildings, banks, car dealerships, radio stations and Cali's talented América soccer team. His handsome younger brother Miguel is a fixture on the local social scene, and their children, educated in the U.S. or Europe, are often compared to young Rockefellers or Kennedys by Colombians.

Then there are Gilberto's cousin Jaime Raúl Orjuela Caballero and his three

valley rancher with business interests in New York.

They are among the richest families in Colombia, but to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, they are the new kings of cocaine, patriarchs of a criminal consortium more disciplined and protected from prosecution than the Sicilian Mafia and now bigger than the Medellín cartel.

The Cali combine produces 70% of the coke reaching the U.S. today, according to the DEA, and 90% of the drug sold in Europe. The Cali godfathers have a virtual lock on the global wholesale market in the most lucrative commodity ever conceived by organized crime. The cartel is the best and brightest of the modern underworld: professional, intelligent, efficient, imaginative and nearly impenetrable. Says Robert Bonner, administrator of the DEA: "The

month counterattack by the authorities has killed drug boss José Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha, forced the surrender of his fellow cocaine barons, the brothers Jorge, Juan David and Fabio Ochoa, destroyed dozens of labs and airstrips and scattered lesser capos abroad. In the most stunning blow yet to the cartel, Medellín chief Pablo Escobar Gaviria surrendered last week under a plea-bargaining program that promises he will not be extradited to stand trial in the U.S.

After years of murder and mayhem, the government has succeeded in disrupting one center of drug trafficking only to have an even more powerful and insidious gang emerge in Cali. While security forces concentrated on shutting down operations in Medellín, the confederacy of crime families in the Cauca Valley expanded cocaine



**METHODS TO MADNESS**  
The Cali cartel employs artful, and often safe, smuggling ruses. In the Netherlands contraband cocaine was found concealed in passion-fruit juice.



production and grabbed the lion's share of the market.

Cali has insulated itself from government crackdowns through political influence subtly cultivated over many years. By means of legitimate business ventures, the Cali capos have forged contacts with key people in business, politics, the law and the press. Even police officials speak of *los caballeros* (gentlemen) of Cali in contrast to *los hambones* (hoodlums) of Medellin. "Cali gangs will kill you if they have to," says Robert Bryden, head of the DEA in New York. "But they prefer to use a lawyer."

Drug-enforcement agents believe the architects of Cali's takeover are Santacruz, 47, and Gilberto Rodriguez, 52. Santacruz was the hands-on designer of worldwide trafficking networks; Gilberto Rodriguez handled the finances.

In the mid-1970s, while Medellin's cocaine cowboys were monopolizing drug sales in Miami, Santacruz was sewing up Manhattan. Today the DEA estimates that Santacruz, the Orjuela Caballero brothers

and the Pacho Herrera organization import 4 of every 5 grams of cocaine sold on the streets of New York City. From that base, Cali operatives have fanned out across the U.S. and deep into Mexico. The Rodriguez Oreguelas are generally considered partners in Santacruz ventures, but they sometimes appear to operate independently. Their cousins, the Orjuela Caballero brothers, are also major dealers in Los Angeles. DEA agents say the Urbinola brothers work somewhat independently from the rest of the Cali consortium, with their own trafficking and money-laundering organizations across the U.S. They are linked to large lab operations in the northern Cauca Valley and, according to DEA intelligence, are suspected of assassinating a number of Colombians.

The Cali families are now focusing their efforts on cornering the market in Europe and Japan. Last year Dutch officials seized 2,658 kg of coke packed in drums of passion-fruit juice from Cali, the biggest single bust in Europe. Santa Cruz

bank accounts have been found across Western Europe and as far afield as Hungary and Israel. DEA informants report that Cali is looking for sales representatives to man branch offices in Japan, where the going wholesale price for cocaine is as high as \$65,000 per kg. "If the Cali cartel makes an alliance with the *yakuza* [Japan's organized-crime network]," warns a Colombian presidential aide, "watch out!"

"El Gordo" (the Fat Man), as Santacruz is known, is a legend in the New York Latin underworld. The word making the rounds is that every so often he materializes in the middle of a drug deal and exchanges a few pleasantries with the customer. Then, as suddenly as he appeared, he is gone again.

These tales filter back to the DEA. Possibly, Don Chepe wants it that way. "He's toying with us," says William Mockler Jr., chief of the New York task force investigating the Cali cartel. He and Kenneth Robinson, a retired New York City policeman who is now a DEA intelligence analyst,

## Escobar's Life Behind Bars



The criminal's new home: the spacious prison overlooks his boyhood hometown

After almost a year on the run with a \$400,000 bounty on his head and the largest police dragnet in Colombian history on his tail, Pablo Emilio Escobar Gaviria surrendered quietly to authorities last week. After handing over his pistol to officials on the outskirts of Medellin, he was whisked by helicopter to a special prison in the Andean foothills. There, overlooking his boyhood hometown of Envigado, the man regarded as Colombia's No. 1 drug thug will serve time on as yet unannounced charges.

To the chagrin of many, it was Escobar who arranged his own fate. For several weeks, he negotiated with the government through an intermediary to settle the fine points of his incarceration. He personally selected a jail that boasts virtually impregnable security. The facility has in recent weeks been encircled with an electrified 15-ft.-high chain-link fence topped by barbed wire, and outfitted with four 30-ft. observation posts. All of this is not



In Tarpon Springs, Fla., federal agents found the white powder hidden in 700 of the 9,000 cedar boards on a freighter. Customs netted a record 3,270 kg of cocaine.



Drugs are often shipped in foodstuffs, from yams to canned oranges. Hollowed-out coconuts provided a solid encasement for this shipment seized in Madrid.

have been a step or two behind Santacruz since 1978, when they found out that he was building an air fleet and setting up businesses along the East Coast. Thanks to their efforts, Santacruz was indicted for drug-trafficking conspiracy in 1980, but he fled the country. "He is my Professor Moriarty," Mockler says. "He's the one I'll never get."

Investigators in New York, Los Angeles, Louisiana and Florida have won some battles against the cartel. They have dismantled a succession of distribution rings. Federal narcotics trafficking and conspiracy charges, which form the basis for extradition requests, have been lodged against Cali's reputed financiers Gilberto and Miguel Rodriguez, their four Orjuela Caballero cousins and dozens of other senior figures. U.S. Attorney General Dick Thornburgh has asked the Colombian government to extradite them. Santacruz's half-brother and confidant, Luis Santacruz Echeverri, has been convicted on conspiracy charges in Miami, and his personal fi-

nancial adviser, Edgar Alberto Garcia Montilla, has been jailed in Luxembourg for money laundering.

Yet these setbacks have not impeded the cartel's steady growth. Cali's leaders have carefully compartmentalized their organization, so that individual losses do not threaten to bring down the whole enterprise. The Cali management style is cerebral, calculating and guileful. In the tradition of the great Mediterranean trading dynasties, the major families have a patriarchal, authoritarian structure that demands absolute discipline and loyalty yet encourages creativity.

The Cali imagination shines when it comes to the art of smuggling. Medellin brazenly shipped cocaine across borders in fast boats or light planes with extra fuel bladders. Cali prefers the slow but safe merchant marine. The cartel has devised endless ways to hide contraband in commercial cargo and launder it through third countries. U.S. Customs can check perhaps 3% of the 9 million shipping containers

that enter U.S. ports annually, making the odds very favorable for Cali.

When U.S. agents do uncover a shipment, the cartel adopts new shippers, different routes and more ingenious deceptions. Federal agents took nine years to crack a Santacruz-designed lumber scheme. In 1979, a Cali operative was arrested with the name of a Baltimore lumberyard in his pocket. There, agents saw piles of mahogany boards sliced end to end, with pockets hollowed out and the tops veneered on. A few more clues popped up over the years, but nothing to pinpoint which planks, among the tons of lumber imported from South America, contained contraband.

Then in April 1988, a load of Brazilian cedar boards arrived in Tarpon Springs, Fla., aboard the freighter *Amazon Sky*. DIA alerted Tampa Customs that an informer had reported drugs were aboard. Inspectors drilled holes in stacks of lumber planks, but found nothing. At the last moment, a Customs man saw a crew member

to keep Escobar in—it is to keep his enemies out. That includes national and secret police, who will not be permitted to enter the 2.5-acre compound. Instead, officials of Envigado—a town virtually owned by Escobar—selected guards, who had to meet the approval of Escobar's lawyers.

The drug king will also be able to attend to his creature comforts. The prison is large enough to accommodate 40, which is about how many of Escobar's confidants are expected to follow their monarch into entombment, like Qin-dynasty soldiers. Escobar's older brother Roberto was among the first to surrender late last week and join him in his as yet Spartan quarters. There is neither heating nor air conditioning, the four large dormitories are equipped with steel double-decker beds, and the recreation room is bare save for a television set. Escobar will undoubtedly use some of his narco billions to create a more homey environment. Yet, for all the angry talk about a "five-star prison," Villa Escobar is no less a jail than the federal "country clubs" that hold America's most celebrated white-collar criminals. The walls are

stone and concrete, and steel bars cover every door and window.

Still, Escobar will not be doing hard time, a fact that galls U.S. law-enforcement officials, who believe the Colombian government has bent too far to accommodate Escobar's demands in exchange for getting him off the streets. U.S. officials are also exercised by a nine-month-old presidential decree that enables traffickers to plead guilty to minimal charges in exchange for reduced sentences and guarantees that they will never be extradited. Escobar, who faces nine indictments in the U.S., including a murder charge, took no risks: he waited to surrender until after the Constitutional Assembly voted last week to ban extradition.

Although the Medellin cartel is experiencing a meltdown, there is no guarantee that Escobar will not continue to deal in drugs from behind bars. "Ironically, coming out of hiding could help him to re-order a business that became difficult to manage on the lam," says a Bogotá-based U.S. narcotics expert. Skeptics say that Escobar could be free in as little as three years. That may be just the rest a tired don needs to resuscitate himself and his cartel.



Wearing gear to protect against eye, skin and lung burns, customs agents in New York remove 5,000 kg of cocaine from 252 drums of powdered lye.

PETER MORGAN—AP

drop a plank and glance about nervously. The inspector drilled into the board and hit white powder. The seizure was a record 3,270 kg of cocaine, but just 700 of the 9,000 planks held any drugs.

Other seams are just as difficult to uncover. In 1988 Customs officers found 2,270 kg of cocaine encased in 1,200 blocks of chocolate shipped from Ecuador. The cocaine bricks had been wrapped in lead to thwart X-rays, but the lead set off metal detectors. The next time, Customs found, the smugglers had switched to heavy plastic wrapping.

The cartel has also buried cocaine in toxic chemicals. In 1989 Customs agents and New York policemen found almost 5,000 kg of the drug inside 252 drums of powdered lye. No sane inspector would poke around in lye, which can inflict severe eye, skin and lung burns. Luckily, someone had tipped off the authorities.

The cocaine bricks unearthed from the lye were marked with a destination code, "Baby 1." The same marking had been found on an 18,000-kg seizure near Los Angeles two months earlier. Baby 1 turned out to be a Santacruz protégé in New York, Luis ("Leto") Delio Lopez, 28. His style, according to DEA agents, embodied the typical Cali cartel executive: businesslike, resourceful, hard-working and discreet.

The Cali families are conservative managers, much like other big corporate heads. In the home office sit the chief executive officer and his senior vice presidents for acquisition, production, transportation, sales, finance and enforcement. The logistics of importing, storing and delivering the product to wholesalers are handled by dozens of overseas branches, or cells, overseen by the home office through daily, often hourly, phone calls.

Each cell is directed by a Caleno like Leto Lopez and staffed by relatives and neighbors whose salaries are banked in

Cali. Their accounts are debited when they make mistakes. The code of conduct is strict: nondescript clothing, four-door family cars, no drunkenness, no loud parties. Also no failures, no excuses, no second chances. This unforgiving system produces few defections: the penalty for dissent is death, not only for cell members but also for their kinsmen back home in Colombia.

Leto Lopez looked no different from his Westchester County neighbors: he wore conservative suits, lived in a \$75,000 colonial house and drove an Acura Legend. He opened a public fax service to mix his drug messages with thousands of others dispatched by honest customers. He set up an import business and actually imported South American furniture so that the U.S. Customs Service would think he was a legitimate businessman.

After the highly publicized Baby 1 bust, Leto stayed away from his house and offices, which DEA agents were watching. One day in March 1990, he happened to drive past a DEA team running another surveillance in Queens. As the agents started tailing him, he whipped his Acura into a fast U-turn and melted into the traffic. The next thing the agents knew, Leto was back in Colombia—where his luck ran out. At the request of the U.S. government, police arrested him.

U.S. agents have almost no chance of infiltrating a Cali family. Caleños sell only to people they know, meaning other Colombians. A prospective wholesale buyer must establish his bona fides at an audience with top management in Cali. If he is approved, he is not required to pay cash up front. He will send the cartel payment after he resells the drugs to middlemen. The wholesale buyer must put up collateral, cash or deeds to real property as insurance if he is caught. He must also provide human collateral in

the form of his family in Colombia, who will pay with their lives if he ever turns informer.

The system for transferring the drugs is dizzyingly complicated but well-orchestrated. When a load of drugs is shipped to the U.S., the home office faxes to the cell head a list of buyers, the amount of their purchases and their beeper numbers. The cell head signals each customer's beeper to arrange a delivery at a street corner or parking lot. After the customer sells the cocaine down the line, he fixes a second meeting to make payment. The deals take two minutes or less to consummate.

After each meeting, both drivers alert the cell head in code from a mobile phone or beeper. He telephones a desk officer in Cali, then sends confirmation by fax. Detailed ledgers are maintained in both countries. The ledgers have proved the system's main vulnerability, providing a rich lode of data to DEA analysts when seized.

If anyone involved in a deal fails to call in, or catches a whiff of the law, the cell is shut down. Last July, in a raid on a Leto Lopez front business in Queens, agents found a list of Caleños who had rented apartments around Manhattan. By the time agents reached the addresses, everyone was gone, leaving behind cocaine, ledgers, more than \$1.5 million in cash, and two steamer trunks full of arms. "Whenever we get close to these people," says U.S. District Attorney Andrew Maloney, "they're on a plane back to Colombia, and we have to start all over again."

The cartel's need for goods, services and go-betweens has spawned a thriving network of cottage industries. Front companies acquire mobile phones by the dozen and "sublet" them to the cells. The traffickers know investigators need four or five days to get a court-ordered wiretap, so they use a phone for two days and discard it. If a mobile phone is eventually traced, the trail stops at the front company.

## GOING TO THE CLEANERS

The cartel's second biggest industry is money laundering. The monthly gross for some New York cells, upwards of \$7 million, translates into as much as 3,000 lbs. of bills.



MICHAEL HIRSCH—GAMMA LIAISON

Document specialists obtain clean driver's licenses and car registrations. In 1989 the FBI and New York City prosecutors cracked a scheme in which employees of the state Department of Motor Vehicles were taking bribes of \$100 to write phony registration papers. Hundreds of falsely documented cartel vehicles, fitted with hidden compartments, moved drugs north from Mexico and returned south with cash.

The cartel's second-biggest industry is money laundering. The monthly gross for some New York cells runs from \$7 million to \$12 million, all in \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills. That translates into 1,000 to 3,000 pounds of bills a month, a logistical nightmare.

In the early years a cell's financier would cart the money to a local bank and wire it to Panama. The cartel had a personal banker there: First Interamericas Bank, owned by Gilberto and Miguel Rodriguez Orejuela. In 1985 the U.S. government forced Manuel Noriega to close Interamericas and required U.S. banks to report all large cash transactions.

Many cells now ship the money in bulk to Cali, where some is invested, some converted into pesos and some wired back to banks in the U.S. or Europe under a relative's name. In January 1989 New York agents seized a Santacruz truck loaded with \$19 million as it was departing for Mexico. Last October agents found an additional \$14 million inside heavy cable spools on Long Island, along with records showing shipments of \$100 million more over the previous nine months.

The immunity the Cali cartel enjoys from prosecution is a matter of intense concern to Bush Administration officials. While Henry Orejuela Caballero is in jail in New York State awaiting trial on federal drug-trafficking conspiracy charges, brother Carlos is out on bail on similar charges filed against him in Los Angeles. Another brother, Jaime, the family boss, is free in

Colombia. So are Don Chepe Santacruz, the Rodriguez Orejuela brothers and such rising powers as the Urdinola brothers. "You can't destroy the organization without lopping off its head," says DEA's Bonner. "The tentacles grow back. If the Cali cartel is to be attacked successfully, there must be pressure in Colombia."

President César Gaviria Trujillo's advisers insist the Cali cartel will be given priority now that Escobar is jailed. Bonner argues that the new gangs will prove a more formidable threat to Colombia's security than the Medellín cartel "precisely because they make more discreet use of murder, bribery and intimidation." Says he: "The Cali organizations can be characterized as murderous thugs who are more politically astute in the way they carry out their business."

**C**olombian national police officials say the Cali capos are not living at home, are not doing business as usual and will be arrested if found, Santacruz has kept out of sight since the government began its antidrug campaign after the assassination of presidential candidate Luis Carlos Galán in August 1989. But others seem to feel safe from prosecution. Gilberto Rodriguez Orejuela is very much at home, defiantly proclaiming his innocence and that of his brother Miguel. Gilberto describes himself as a "captain of industry and banker" and has the portfolio to prove it. He also has reputable friends who are partners, associates or suppliers in his business ventures, which do much to promote development throughout the Caucá valley.

Even when police do close in, the Cali bosses have escaped jail. When Gilberto was arrested in Spain in November 1984, the Colombian government went to great lengths to prevent his extradition to the U.S. According to a Rodriguez friend,

Gilberto's son Jaime Fernando appealed to then President Belisario Betancur for help. Betancur declined comment. The elder Rodriguez says, "If Betancur helped in seeing I was extradited to Colombia and not the U.S., he was simply doing his duty as President, supporting an extradition order issued by a Colombian judge." Back in Cali, Rodriguez was tried on charges identical to those filed in the U.S. and was acquitted—along with Santacruz, who was tried in absentia. The acquittal protected both men from further extradition to the U.S. on grounds of double jeopardy.

While the Rodriguez and Santacruz clans seem to enjoy considerable respect in Colombia, they are not universally admired. Some intellectuals protest that if the drug mafia's economic power is accepted, its values will eventually be countenanced as well. Critics are especially wary of the dynastic ambitions of the high-profile Rodriguez family. "They invest in the future," says a Bogotá businessman. "They are thinking of the next generation, and the one after that."

Gilberto's son Jaime Fernando graduated from the University of Grenoble with a degree in international commerce. Two other sons studied at Stanford University and the University of Tulsa, and a fourth son is learning systems engineering. Gilberto boasts that one of his daughters has a master's in business administration and that a second is an engineer. "Most are now working in our businesses," he says.

Critics fear the proud father is grooming his children for political office as well. "Someday their sons will rule part of this country," predicts Luis Gabriel Cano, who has succeeded his assassinated brother, Guillermo, as publisher of Bogotá's crusading newspaper *El Espectador*. Unless the Colombian government can now break the hold of the cartel in Cali, Cano's warning may have come too late. ■

# A Day with the Chess Player

**In a nine-hour session at a secret location, the alleged patriarch of Colombia's Cali cartel talks for the first time about his battle with Washington and why he thinks drug lord Pablo Escobar wants him killed**

By JOHN MOODY CALI

**T**he phone call came at 8 a.m. "Don't eat breakfast," advised Gilberto Rodriguez Orejuela. "I'm planning a big lunch for you so we can get to know each other."

Thus began a nine-hour public relations blitz by the man who allegedly serves as a patriarch of the Cali cartel. Rodriguez consented to see reporter Tom Quinn and me—"the first and only interview I've given in my 52 years"—in order to clarify what he insists are lies about his involvement in cocaine trafficking. Along the way he tried to raise doubt about the motivations of two enemies—Medellín cartel boss Pablo Escobar Gaviria and the U.S. government, which wants him extradited to face numerous counts of drug peddling.

We had first asked for an interview with him last year through a source connected to the Cali drug organization. Finally came the invitation. Also a warning from Rodriguez: "I don't want my family's name damaged. My brother Miguel Angel and I are the only members of our family to be linked to this business."

As befits a fugitive from the law, Rodriguez insisted on stringent security arrangements. After Quinn and I arrived in Cali, we waited until noon the next day for a Rodriguez intermediary to pick us up. "I apologize in advance for the inconvenience I have to cause you," Rodriguez said. "But you understand, it's for my safety as well as yours."

Rodriguez's envoy turned out to be a hefty fellow who spoke passable English in a near whisper. After a meandering 30-minute tour of Cali to ensure that no one was tailing us, we followed a blue Mazda out of town. Trailered by two of Rodriguez's bodyguards on motorcycles, our motorcade entered the grounds of a house set back from the road and guarded by a white thick-gauge steel sliding door.

As we stepped out of the car, a beautiful young woman welcomed us with a broad smile and handshake. Behind her stood a man about 5 ft. 7 in., wearing a faded pink-striped cotton shirt and dark pants. Gilberto Rodriguez's appearance has changed dramatically since the last pictures of him were taken five years ago. His curly jet-black hair has turned a distinguished salt-and-pepper and covers the

tops of his ears. He sports a closely cropped mustache and has gained at least 30 lbs. But the glistening brown eyes were unmistakably those of the "Chess Player," his nickname in the drug world. He wore a gold-and-stainless-steel Cartier tank-style watch, and a hefty gold crucifix dangled around his neck. His hands were small, almost feminine in their softness, and fastidiously manicured.

From greeting to goodbye, Rodriguez acted like a charming host. Enthralling himself behind a built-in Formica desk, he said, "My time is yours. Ask anything you want. I won't be offended."

The house was comfortable but hardly posh. A white-coated butler floated silently into and out of the various rooms where we talked throughout the afternoon and evening, offering water, beer, coffee, soda. As a moonfaced secretary transcribed our formal interview, Rodriguez picked his words carefully, frequently consulting and reciting verbatim from typewritten notes.

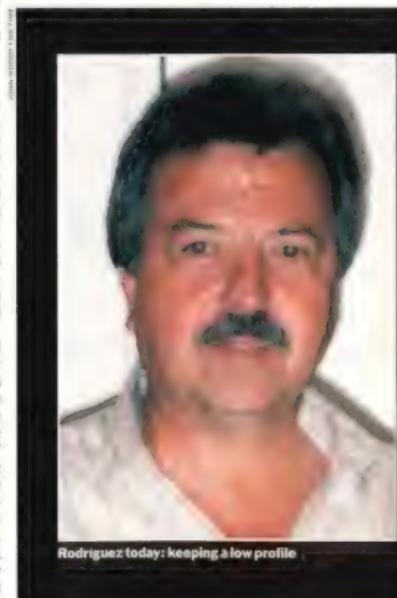
For the record, he denied that he was a cocaine trafficker and insisted that he was being persecuted by the U.S. "You think one person, one 'baron,' as you Americans call him, can control all the cocaine being sent from Cali?" he said. "There are kids out there on the streets, 20 or 25 years old, shipping 10 kilos, becoming millionaires. You think one man can control that?"

Rodriguez contended that he lived in mortal fear of Escobar. "Mr. Escobar is sick, a psycho, a lunatic," he said. "He knows he's lost the war against the state. He lives now only to destroy." Their enmity, Rodriguez said, began in 1987 when he refused to help Escobar kidnap Bogotá mayoral candidate Andrés Pastrana. When Rodriguez declined, Escobar shouted, "Whoever is not with me is against me." Rodriguez blamed

Escobar for the August 1989 assassination of presidential candidate Luis Carlos Galán Sarmiento, which ignited the campaign to push the cocaine princes from Colombia. Rodriguez claimed he had warned Galán that his life was in danger. "Galán wouldn't listen to us," he said. "He was too wrapped up in the historic importance of his campaign."

Rodriguez also took credit for tipping off the police last June, when a truck packed with 800 kg of dynamite was disarmed before it could be parked outside the offices of the daily *El Tiempo*. He knew about it, Rodriguez said, because his people had intercepted a radio-phone call in which Escobar promised a "big, big surprise" for the newspaper.

Rodriguez insisted that Escobar wanted to kill him too. En route to our meeting, he told us, he had changed cars three



Rodriguez today: keeping a low profile

times. His family celebrates birthdays on the wrong days, and he dares not spend Christmas with his seven grown children lest the target prove too tempting to Escobar. He divides his time among six or seven houses in Cali and maintains round-the-clock security. "God and good intentions aren't enough to shoo away evil," he said. "You've got to have firepower too."

Rodríguez remains in hiding from the Colombian police and army, who until recently would have turned him over to the U.S. The closest he has come to that fate was in 1984 when he and Medellín drug lord Jorge Luis Ochoa Vásquez, who has since turned himself in, were captured in Spain. Both Colombia and the U.S. asked for their extradition. In 1986 the Spanish court, known as Audiencia Nacional, sent both men to Colombia to stand trial, stipulating that they should not be placed in double jeopardy by having to face the same charges in the U.S. Rodríguez was acquitted of drug trafficking despite the testimony of witnesses flown in by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. Two days after his trial ended, the U.S. filed new charges against him.

Rummaging through a sloppy heap of papers, Rodríguez showed us a letter from Ochoa dated January 1990 proposing to mediate his dispute with Escobar, as well as his own reply three days later politely declining the offer. When we asked why a

self-proclaimed law-abiding businessman maintains contact with an admitted trafficker like Ochoa, he shrugged and said, "We've been through a lot together."

Rodríguez, who has an interest in Cali's powerful Américas soccer team, is an avid fan of other sports as well, including baseball. He dislikes American football, he said, "because it is too violent for my tastes." His other passion, he said, is poetry, quoting from memory the Colombian Rafael Maya, "No one will know the secret of this soft sadness/ Assad as the valley that turns even sadder at dark/ Like the twilight of a tardy season."

Well after nightfall, Rodríguez escorted us to the gate and waved goodbye. The same driver returned us to our hotel, talking this time with cheerful animation about his boss: "Gilberto's really a good guy, not a nut case like Escobar. And he treats the people who work for him fairly. He's interested in our welfare. There's only one thing he won't tolerate in his organization."

"What's that?" I asked, already sensing the answer.

"Drugs," said the driver, and bade us good night.

**Q. Tell us about your cocaine empire.**

**A.** Mr. Moody, given the kind of question you're asking, I gather you have this image of Gilberto Rodríguez, chief of a drug cartel. You'll be disappointed. I am not a narco-trafficker, let alone the chief of a drug cartel. Neither am I a megalomaniac. Therefore I am not pleased when people try to portray me as an evil, intelligent, powerful man who has an unlimited fortune.

**Q. You're saying you are not and have never been involved in trafficking narcotics.**

**A.** That is exactly what I'm saying. The idea that I am a narco-trafficker stemmed from DEA reports from the time I was a partner and president of the board of directors of a Panamanian bank [First Interamericas Bank]. In 1984 the U.S. requested my extradition from Spain. Instead I was extradited to Colombia, where I was tried on the basis of a file submitted by the American government, with evidence it presented, and with witnesses brought from the U.S. to testify against me. I was acquitted first by a judge and then by the superior court of Cali.

**Q. How did you manage to get yourself extradited from Spain to Colombia instead of to the U.S.?**

**A.** I'll be honest about this. It

might be true that the connections I had then with people from the political and economic sectors were useful. But I think what was most helpful was the excessive pressure the U.S. exerted on the Spanish government. Spanish judges are very respectable people who cannot be easily manipulated, let alone forced to do something.

**Q. So what is the Cali cartel?**

**A.** The Cali cartel is a poor invention of General Jaime Ruiz Barrera, or as he was called affectionately, Gato ("the Cat") Ruiz. He was commander of the Fourth Brigade from 1986 to 1988, if I'm not wrong. He chased Mr. Escobar and his partners persistently and yet failed in all his attempts. He didn't succeed in gaining immunity with the Medellín cartel. Thus the Cali cartel was invented, and with it the war over the New York market. Of course this tale about the Cali cartel has been helped along by my differences with Mr. Escobar.

**Q. Are you saying you are innocent of everything of which you are accused?**

**A.** Exactly. I think the DEA will never forgive me for the fact that so much money was laundered legally through the First Interamericas Bank of Panama in accordance with Panamanian law.

**Q. How much money did your bank launder?**

**A.** It's been eight or 10 years since the bank was closed. I haven't got a good enough memory to recall the amount.

**Q. You mentioned your well-known differences with Pablo Escobar. Tell us about them.**

**A.** [Laughs.] Yes, it is true that I have differences with Mr. Escobar. All this started when Mr. Escobar called me and asked me to help him commit violent acts to get the Colombian government to abrogate the 1979 [extradition] treaty [with the U.S.]. Mr. Escobar thinks that one must take justice into one's own hands. I don't agree. He thinks that a criminal can win a war against the state. I think that is absurd. The crimes he has committed in Colombia on the pretext of narco trafficking have been very grave mistakes.

**Q. Why is Escobar at war with you, if you're just a law-abiding businessman with no interest in cocaine?**

**A.** Because Mr. Escobar thinks that whoever is not with him is against him.

**Q. Why did he think you would be interested in his plan to kidnap people?**

**A.** I have no idea. I only know he was wrong.

**Q. Can you walk freely in the streets of Cali?**

**A.** No, I can't. First, because [the Colombian secret police known as] DAS, the army

**He divides his time among  
six or seven houses and  
maintains round-the-clock  
security. "God and good  
intentions aren't enough to  
shoo away evil. You've got to  
have firepower too."**



**His closest call:** in custody in Spain in 1984, but ultimately set free.

and the police have a warrant to arrest me, and I'm sure they'd comply with it the moment they saw me; and second, because if I get caught by the authorities, I'm afraid that Mr. Pablo Escobar would have me killed.

**Q. Not much is known about your origins.**

**A.** I was born between the towns of Marquetalia and Honda Tolima. My father was a painter and a draftsman, and my mother was a housewife. We were three brothers and three sisters. When I was 15, I started working as a clerk in a drugstore in Cali. By the time I was 20, I was the manager, and at 25, 10 years after entering the business, I quit in order to start my own drugstore.

**Q. And what about your own children?**

**A.** I've got seven children. Six of them are professionals, and one is still a student. They all got their degrees at U.S. or European universities; most are now working in our businesses. Two of them are industrial engineers; another engineer has a degree from the university in Tulsa; [one] is a public accountant; and finally, there's one who's studying systems engineering. Then I've got a daughter with an M.B.A., and another one who's also a systems engineer.

**Q. How do they like having their father routinely referred to as a drug lord?**

**A.** It bothers them, but they've been brave.

**Q. Some sources say you were part of a gang of young kidnappers.**

**A.** This is not logical. I was chairman of the board of directors of a bank in Colombia and president of the board of directors of a bank in Panama. I also had the concession for Chrysler Motors for Colombia. In fact,

I got that concession thanks to my dealings with Mr. [Lee] Iacocca. [Chuckles.] Maybe people confused coca with my dealings with Iacocca.

I was the founder and president of the Grupo Radial Colombiano, which ran more than 30 radio stations around the country. Can you explain to me how I could get official blessings for these businesses if I had a criminal past?

**Q. There are two possibilities: one, that you were a smart criminal who never got caught, and two, it is always possible to bribe the authorities.**

**A.** [Smiling.] A man brought up in a family like mine could never be a good criminal. And the Colombian authorities are not as corrupt as you think. You've never seen a mayor in Colombia being acquitted after being caught buying and consuming cocaine like Washington's mayor [Marion Barry] was.

**Q. If you respect the Colombian authorities so much, why haven't you turned yourself in?**

**A.** I do respect the Colombian authorities, and I believe in the country's institutions as much as I believe in Colombian justice. And you can be absolutely sure that if Mr. Escobar didn't exist, I would turn myself in. I am not worried about facing justice; I'm worried about my personal security.

**Q. Why do you think Americans consume so many drugs, especially cocaine?**

**A.** Because they live in a consumer society where every day means a struggle, where they have to work very hard in order to lead a decent life, and where everyone has to take care of himself without being able to count on anyone else, a friend or the next-door neighbor.

**Q. What's the future of the cocaine business?**

**"I am not pleased**

**when people try to**

**portray me as an evil,**

**intelligent, powerful**

**man who has an**

**unlimited fortune."**

**A.** Economics has a natural law: Supply is determined by the demand. When cocaine stops being consumed, when there's no demand for it . . . that will be the end of that business.

**Q. Do you think the Medellin cartel is finished?**

**A.** In my opinion the Medellin cartel is not defeated. On the contrary, it's becoming stronger because it's giving up terrorism and going back into business.

**Q. Does that mean that the violence is finished?**

**A.** I think we are going through the most crucial time of the cocaine culture. I also think this phenomenon has to be observed from a global perspective. It is true that the American people have been damaged by cocaine. It is also true that producer and refiner countries are experiencing indiscriminate terrorism, hired killings, kidnappings and government corruption, including in the U.S. What is the difference between exporting a pound of coke from a producer country and exporting an AR-15 and its ammunition from the U.S. to murder innocent people in developing countries? Why are countries such as Germany free to export materials used to refine cocaine? Why do countries like Switzerland, Panama and even the U.S. protect money whose origin is dubious?

**Q. What do you think personally about cocaine use?**

**A.** I think it is harmful to youth, as well as damaging to the U.S. economy to have so much money drained from it.

**Q. Have you ever used cocaine?**

**A.** No, I have never been curious about it.

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Mandela's stature has been trimmed

By SCOTT MACLEOD JOHANNESBURG

**W**hen Nelson Mandela gathers his followers next week for their first conference inside the country in 30 years, they should be able to review their achievements with pride. The African National Congress, established in 1912, is nearer than ever to its goal of replacing apartheid with democracy for all races. Last week the last legal pillar of segregation tumbled when the Parliament revoked the Population Registration Act of 1950, fulfilling President F.W. de Klerk's promise to abolish South Africa's major discrimination laws.

These are not particularly good days, however, for the A.N.C. The meeting in the Natal province capital of Durban is expected to elevate Mandela to the movement's presidency, but his stature has been trimmed by the conviction of his wife Winnie on kidnapping and assault charges two months ago. The challenge for the 2,000 delegates is how to retake the political initiative that the A.N.C. has lost to De Klerk in the past year. Thanks to his democratic advances, Pretoria's international isolation seems ever closer to an end. Even in the U.S., where antiapartheid sentiment is strong, pressure is building to end the five-year-old economic boycott.

The A.N.C. was doomed to fall short of the absurdly high hopes inspired by Mandela's release from prison in February 1990. But the organization has genuinely dismayed many South Africans with its increasingly strident demands, its role in township violence, its muddled ideas about nationalizing parts of the economy and its maddening bureaucratic sluggishness. Not long ago, A.N.C. leaders could be heard arguing that the government should simply hand over power. Now it is reasonable to wonder if the organization, even with its large number of sympathizers, could win a democratic election when one is finally held. And if the A.N.C. did come to power, would it be fit to govern?

During the same period, De Klerk has shown impressive skill at outmaneuvering Mandela and maintaining control of the transition process. He enjoys strong sup-

## SOUTH AFRICA

# Who Will Lead This Divided Nation?

**Apartheid is nearly gone, but the African National Congress is ill prepared to take over and seems to have lost the political initiative**

port from whites and blacks alike. "This is not a regime that is collapsing," says Lawrence Schlemmer, director of Johannesburg's Center for Policy Studies. The government's competency has frustrated the A.N.C. Most galling of all has been the success that De Klerk has had in being well-combed by black African leaders the congress considers close allies.

(armed Zulus) from the scene of recent bloody attacks.

But not all the A.N.C.'s troubles can be blamed on others. While most members recognize the need for negotiations, some of its leaders are still caught up in dreams of revolution. "The very notion of revolutionary politics excludes any idea of give and take," says John Kane-Berman, execu-



Shooting for power: some A.N.C. supporters are still caught up in dreams of revolution

Some congress officials charge that De Klerk is also actively building up the rival Inkatha Freedom Party, the mainly Zulu organization headed by Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi. Opinion polls indicate that the A.N.C. has the support of more than 60% of blacks, in contrast to 10% for Inkatha. But congress officials fear that De Klerk's ruling National Party will eventually form a coalition with Inkatha to keep the A.N.C. out of any government.

In a press conference arranged by the congress last month, retired Major Nico Basson accused the South African Defense Force of arming Inkatha to stir up tribal hostility. While the army and Inkatha denied the charges, eyewitnesses have seen white policemen escorting Inkatha impi-

tive director of the South African Institute of Race Relations in Johannesburg. "But that's the game the A.N.C. has been pushed into playing." The desire to remain a liberation movement until white domination ends may be understandable, but in such a delicate period, confrontational tactics discourage the climate for negotiations that the A.N.C. itself is demanding.

The movement has also bungled its relations with Inkatha, which may have as many as 1 million members. While congress leaders consider the Zulu chief a sellout for serving as chief minister of the Pretoria-created KwaZulu homeland, Mandela indicated that he wished to meet with Buthelezi. He was apparently overruled by hard-liners. Last August, as Buthelezi's followers sought

to expand their influence beyond Inkatha's stronghold of Natal, fierce clashes erupted in the black townships around Johannesburg. By the time Mandela finally sat down in an attempt to make peace with Buthelezi last January, more than 1,000 people had been killed—for which both sides bear responsibility.

Only recently has the A.N.C. begun to recognize its sagging popularity. A campaign to increase its membership by 1 million has failed by half. Following Mandela's release, A.N.C. members disparaged smaller rival organizations such as the Pan Africanist Congress and the Azanian People's Organization. Now, seeing the danger of fragmenting the antiapartheid camp, the A.N.C. has sought to bring the others into a "patriotic front." But the congress's performance has scared off those whites who were generally sympathetic. "Many have decided to remain aloof," says Jan van Eck, a Member of Parliament for the liberal Democratic Party, "because they are unsure exactly what the A.N.C. offers."

Divisions are growing within the congress on tactical as well as ideological matters. In general, moderates trust the gov-

ernment's commitment to a process that could result in the A.N.C.'s accession to power, while hard-liners feel De Klerk is perpetrating a sophisticated ruse. Both are struggling to dominate the new 100-member National Executive Committee that is scheduled to be elected next week; its primary responsibility will be to chart the movement's course to negotiations.

If the Durban gathering turns into a factional face-off, the hard-liners will probably come out on top. Growing increasingly shrill, the A.N.C. issued demands last April that De Klerk was certain to refuse, such as the firing of Defense Minister Magnus Malan and Law and Order Minister Adriaan Vlok. Though himself a moderate and the movement's peacemaker, Mandela last week sided with hard-liners by flatly declaring as nonnegotiable the A.N.C.'s requirement that an elected constituent assembly, rather than leaders of political parties, draw up a new constitution.

One test of the A.N.C.'s future direction will come when the committee decides how to answer calls to step up "mass action" campaigns of strikes, boycotts and marches. De Klerk charges that these in-

spire violence and intimidation, poisoning the atmosphere for talks. But A.N.C. hard-liners feel that mass action, like international sanctions, is a vital weapon. "If you look at how the East European countries changed," says Peter Mokaba, leader of the A.N.C. Youth League, "it was mass action that actually pushed the undemocratic regimes out of power."

Fearful of giving way on any of its long-standing demands, the A.N.C. could come to be seen as blocking progress toward a political settlement. Last week De Klerk told Parliament that a multiparty conference could be convened within a matter of months to decide exactly who would negotiate a new political system and how they would go about doing it. The A.N.C. has vowed to boycott any constitutional discussions until the government fulfills an agreement to free all political prisoners and allow exiles to return home. De Klerk has not yet extended a formal invitation to the gathering. When he does, the A.N.C.'s response will help decide not only the fate of the liberation movement but of South Africa as well.

—With reporting by Mark

Suzman/Johannesburg



Zulus at a May rally: the A.N.C. fears being squeezed out by a coalition of the white National Party and Inkatha

PETER MAGUBANE/HYKTIME

## An End to Sanctions?

Congress had to override Ronald Reagan's veto to impose economic sanctions on South Africa in 1986. George Bush was against them then, and would like to end them as soon as he can. The measures halted new U.S. investment in South Africa, cut air links between the two countries, and barred the import of South African products except for vital materials like gold, platinum and diamonds.

The Comprehensive Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986 demands five actions from Pretoria before unfettered trade and investment can resume: legalizing all political parties, lifting the state of emergency, freeing political prisoners, eliminat-

ing apartheid laws and opening talks on a new government. Bush signaled last week that Pretoria was getting close. "Dramatic progress has been made," he said. "When the five conditions are met, we will lift the sanctions." White House officials say four of the requirements have been fulfilled and the fifth—release of all political prisoners—is in sight.

South African President F.W. de Klerk claims he has freed more than 1,000 prisoners and only a few remain in jail because of a dispute over the exact definition of a "political" prisoner. The A.N.C. insists that hundreds are still behind bars. Officials in Washington said last week that the Administration will make its own decision on the question, but will probably withhold its announcement on lifting sanctions until after the A.N.C.'s national conference next week.

## MIDDLE EAST

## The Good Life in Gaza

**Luring settlers with cheap housing, Shamir strengthens his grip on the territories and erects a barrier to peace**

By JON D. HULL NEVE DEKALIM

**M**ichel Bloch wanted to retire to a quiet Jewish community with cheap housing and excellent security. Five months ago, he found what he was looking for in an enclave amid 750,000 largely destitute and rebellious Palestinians in one of the most densely populated areas in the world: the Gaza Strip. "There is no place else like this," says Bloch, 57, as he tends the spa-

house a growing settler population. But it is really meant to strengthen the Jewish state's claim to the territories prior to any negotiations. If Shamir can stall long enough, he hopes to make Israel's presence in the territories irreversible before peace talks even begin. Says Dedi Zucker, a left-wing Knesset member: "The idea is simply to destroy any chance that Israel will have to give up land for peace."

Since the gulf war ended, three new set-

tees that Israel wants to help absorb Soviet Jews unless Jerusalem agrees to a settlement freeze. As usual, Shamir was unimpressed by the threats. Speaking at the West Bank settlement of Beit Aricha last week, he dismissed any connection to peace talks and vowed that the construction drive "cannot be stopped."

The Prime Minister's willingness to defy Washington is a well-calculated risk. Since 1968, the U.S. has criticized Israeli settlements while significantly increasing financial aid. Last week the House of Representatives overwhelmingly rejected an amendment to cut \$82.5 million—the amount the State Department estimates Israel spent last year on settlements—from the annual \$3 billion aid package. Shamir expects that Congress will be increasingly reluctant to tangle with Israel as attention turns to the 1992 elections.

The Likud Party leader also has a fallback position. If the U.S. pushes him too hard, the far-right members of his ruling coalition will revolt. "My party is poised to topple the government if it comes to that," says Elyakim Ha'etzni, a member of the extremist Tehiya Party and a West Bank settler. If that happens, the peace process would languish while Israel prepared for new elections, which could well produce an even more hard-line government.

The housing surge has been fed by an influx of 258,000 Soviet Jews since 1990. Though only an estimated 4% of the immigrants have moved beyond Israel's pre-1967 borders, their presence has caused a housing shortage throughout the country, inducing thousands more Israelis to head for the territories. "People realize we have the upper hand over the *intifadeh*," says Dov Keinan, a settler spokesman in the West Bank, "and that there is very little chance of a territorial compromise."

Shamir's insistence that Soviet Jews are not being directed to the territories is partly disingenuous. While free to choose where they live, poorer Soviet Jews as well as native Israelis are being lured to the territories by special tax breaks and heavily subsidized mortgages. "We'd like to live somewhere else, but we can't afford to," says Boris Gamov, who emigrated from Moldavia seven months ago with his wife Ulga, and now rents a three-room caravan in a Gaza settlement for \$40 a month. "We simply have no choice."

Israeli hawks contend that the settlements actually help the peace process by putting pressure on the Arabs while making Jews feel more secure. Palestinians see the continuing land confiscations and de facto annexation as proof that Israel does not intend to make any compromises. Whether Shamir can keep altering the status quo in Israel's favor without paying any price depends almost entirely on Washington. So far, Shamir appears unconvinced that Bush has to be taken seriously. ■



**Michel and Adriana Bloch and their granddaughter are among 3,000 Jewish settlers in 15 Gaza Strip settlements. Of all the occupied areas, East Jerusalem is home to the highest number of Jewish settlers, with 120,000 living in 12 settlements. There are 12,000 in Golan Heights enclaves and 90,000 in 153 West Bank communities.**

cious sea-view garden of his \$70,000 two-bedroom duplex. "It's a real paradise."

That illusion is shared by 3,000 other Jewish settlers in the posh enclosures who rely on barbed wire, army roadblocks and heavy government subsidies to make a point: they want the Gaza Strip to remain under Israeli control and insist that their Palestinian neighbors living under military occupation learn to love it—or leave it.

Nearly 230,000 Jews are now ensconced in the occupied territories. If Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir gets his way, tens of thousands more will soon follow. As the U.S. struggles to nurse a postwar peace process into life, Shamir has countered by launching what is one of the largest Jewish settlement drives since Israel captured the West Bank, East Jerusalem, the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights in the 1967 Arab-Israeli war. Ostensibly, the building boom is needed to

timents have been established in the West Bank, each coinciding with one of Secretary of State James Baker's visits to the region. Last week the Peace Now group charged that the government is secretly planning to build nearly 30,000 additional units in the West Bank and Gaza. Housing Minister Ariel Sharon insists that the figure is closer to 13,000 new units over the next two years—which will still increase the Jewish population in the territories about 50%. He has also pledged to double the number of settlers from 12,000 to 24,000 in the Golan Heights, which Israel annexed in 1981, and to expand Jewish neighborhoods in volatile East Jerusalem.

Last month Baker responded to Shamir's latest snub by calling settlements the biggest "obstacle to peace." President Bush followed up by warning that he might withhold \$10 billion in U.S. loan guaran-

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## DIPLOMACY

# Boris Makes A Comeback

**Freshly elected and sober, Yeltsin wows Washington**

**T**wo years ago, he wandered through Washington as an opposition rebel, unsure of himself and trailing stories of drunkenness, to be dismissed as a political lightweight by George Bush. Back in the U.S. last week as the elected president of Russia, a sober Boris Yeltsin took the capital by storm, impressing Congress and many Americans—if not quite Bush himself. “He used to be a loose cannon,” said Senator Robert Dole, the minority leader. “Now he’s a big gun.” Said Bush: “Let’s not forget that it was President Gorbachev’s policies” that ended the cold war.

Yeltsin came as a guest of Congress but was treated like a visiting head of state, with red carpets and a jostling retinue of Secret Service agents. “Last time we both played it wrong,” said former presidential adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. “We should have been nicer. This time we were.”

The Russian leader said and did all the



**Gifts from Congress for Russia's "big gun"**

right things too, plugging into crowds of tourists at the Lincoln Monument to shake hands and hug babies. He pleased lawmakers with his plans to privatize businesses, initiate land and credit reform and establish a Russo-American bank. He asked for cooperation and investment, not aid: “I did not come here begging,” he said. “He appears to be a democrat committed to democracy,” decided Senator Bill Bradley, the New Jersey Democrat.

George Bush could hardly fault Yeltsin for that, or deny the electoral legitimacy that distinguishes him from Gorbachev. But while Bush appreciated the “new” Yeltsin, promised him some economic help and gave him 100 minutes in the Oval Office, he had no intention of undercutting the unelected Soviet leader. Bush said he had been “heartened and encouraged” by Yeltsin’s victory, “but at the same time—I want to be very clear about this—the U.S. will continue to maintain the closest possible official relationship with the Soviet government of President Gorbachev.”

Yeltsin emphasized that his relations with Gorbachev were now “businesslike.” As long as the Soviet President pursued reform, Yeltsin would side with him. But flashes of the old, direct Boris could not be re-

pressed. On television he admitted, “To a large extent, I don’t like him.”

Americans liked this Yeltsin, though—his thumbs-up optimism, the hint of brash informality that underlay his new seriousness, his climb from underdog to winner. The next test, said Republican Senator Richard Lugar, member of the Foreign Relations Committee, is “how effective an executive he is.” That means they’ll like him even more if he delivers. —By Christopher Ogden/Washington

## America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

### The Quiet Secession Of a Large Country

**KIEV.** I arrived in the Ukraine from the Baltics thinking I was returning to the Slavic core of the incredible shrinking Soviet Union. Estonians, Lithuanians and Latvians might be going their own way, but I’d long assumed that once the epidemic of secessionism had run its course, the Ukrainians would remain citizens of a huge country with its capital in Moscow. Such is the conventional wisdom almost everywhere, certainly in my hometown of Washington.

But that’s not the way the future looks from here. From Communists to formerly persecuted members of the nationalist Rukh (Movement) to founders of the new Party of Democratic Renaissance, from Ukrainian chauvinists to representatives of the ethnic Russians, who make up 20% of the population, the people I’ve met in Kiev seem every bit as determined as those in Tallinn, Riga and Vilnius to break with Moscow. If they succeed, their country would be one of the largest in Europe. However, their rhetoric is quieter and their strategy less confrontational than the Balts’.

A crucial step toward political sovereignty is liberation of the economy from the all-but-worthless ruble. The Balts have arranged to print their own money in the West, but they have not dared put it into circulation since that might provoke a full-scale crackdown by the Kremlin. Meanwhile, the Ukraine is about to start distributing specially stamped rubles that can

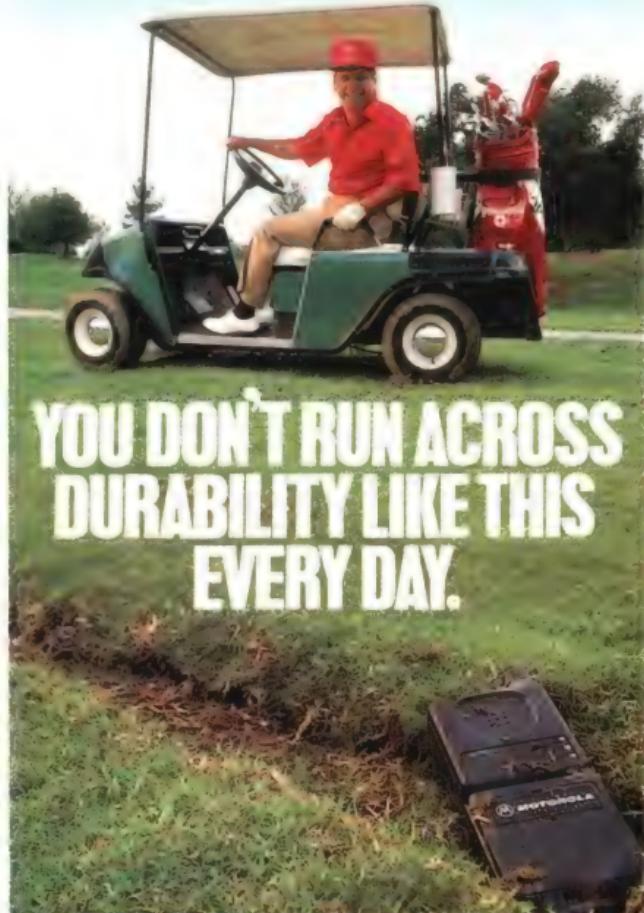
be spent only inside the republic, where goods are cheaper and more plentiful than elsewhere in the U.S.S.R. The Ukrainian ruble will thus be, de facto, a separate currency. In addition, the parliament is moving to privatize property, and the Ukrainian foreign ministry is setting up its own consulates abroad.

Leonid Kravchuk, the chairman of the parliament, leads a bloc of Communists who have broken with hard-liners in the party to form a coalition with moderates in the democratic opposition. He is negotiating with Moscow for a “renewed union” more like a common market than the federation Mikhail Gorbachev advocates. Kravchuk may quit the party to run in the republic’s first presidential election this fall.

Virtually everyone I’ve talked to here complains that the U.S. has been slow to recognize, and support, what is happening to the U.S.S.R. “We understand that George Bush wants to save Gorbachev,” says Vladimir Griniov, an ethnic Russian and ex-Communist, who is both Kravchuk’s deputy and his rival. “But to concentrate on Moscow is harmful to the devolution of power and the spread of democracy.”

The Ukrainians take it as a good sign that Bush received Boris Yeltsin in Washington last week. Bohdan Horyn, a former political prisoner who is now a Rukh member of parliament, welcomes what he sees as the Administration’s new “double-track policy” aimed both at Moscow and at the republics. “The West,” he says, “must not help the center at the expense of those of us who are trying to leave the empire.”

Horyn and others across the political spectrum hope Bush will visit Kiev after the superpower summit in Moscow later this year. Kravchuk is due in the U.S. in the fall to address the United Nations. All the Ukrainians I spoke to, even anticommunists, want him to get his own invitation to the White House. What matters in Kiev is not his party affiliation but his position as the leader of a large and important European nation. That should matter to Bush as well. ■



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## WORLD NOTES



Berliners celebrate the move

### GERMANY

## Bonn Says Ja To Berlin

Everyone knows the jokes about Bonn: it is the *Bundesdorf*, the federal village, with the same population as a Chicago cemetery and half the animation. For 42 years, pending unification, it has been only the "provisional capital." The treaty that reunited the country last year named Berlin the capital.

But that did not settle the matter. A heated nationwide argument broke out about actually moving the government and its ministries from the somnolent little town on the Rhine—whose only other major industry is a candy factory—to the metropolis 375 miles farther east. In last week's deciding debate in the Bundestag, much of the discussion was about symbolism: Westward-facing Bonn vs. Berlin's periods of imperialism and Nazism. In the end, the issue turned on the promise to former East Germans that the capital would change. Berlin won the close vote, 338 to 320.

The decision still provides for a partial compromise. The Chancellor's office, the Bundestag and key officials in the ministries will go to Berlin, but thousands of bureaucrats are to remain in Bonn. The transfer, which will cost more than \$30 billion, will take 10 to 12 years. ■

### INDIA

## Filling a Power Vacuum

Hobbled by internal divisions, lack of direction and a leadership vacuum brought on by the May assassination of Rajiv Gandhi, India's Congress Party took the path of least resistance last week: it tapped an uncontroversial party stalwart to serve as the nation's Prime Minister. P.V. Narasimha Rao, 70, who has a heart condition, became the unanimous choice of party legislators after his main rival, Bombay politician Sharad Pawar, 50, withdrew his candidacy for the nation's top post in the name of party unity.

Pawar's unexpected capitulation forestalled a looming power struggle, but the Congress Party's problems are far from over. Incomplete returns from the interrupted parliamentary election indicate that while the party will return to power after a 19-month hiatus, its hold on the lower house's 545 seats will fall short of a majority.

Rao's first tasks will be to contain separatist violence and address a thicket of economic problems, including an \$80 billion foreign debt and a 17% inflation rate. After that, Rao will need to restore cohesion to his party's fragmented ranks. ■



The new Prime Minister



Worth paying for? A U.S. serviceman digs his car out of volcanic ash

### THE PHILIPPINES

## Who's on Base?

For more than a year, U.S. and Filipino negotiators had wrangled over details of an agreement that would allow American forces to remain at the huge military installations of Subic Bay Naval Station and Clark Air Base. A few weeks ago, both teams announced that a new accord, permitting U.S. forces to stay after the old agreement expires on Sept. 16, was "within reach." But then Mount Pinatubo, a volcano that had been dormant for 600 years, erupted

and accomplished what Filipino nationalists had failed to do since independence: force the U.S. military to abandon Clark, which is eight miles east of the cone. Both sides admit the explosions threw negotiations into limbo.

American representatives deny they will use the catastrophe to drive a tougher bargain. But U.S. Defense Secretary Richard Cheney has questioned "the cost of our obligations to the Philippines should we continue to use these facilities." That could bode ill for Manila, which had hoped for hundreds of millions of dollars in assistance in return for renewal of U.S. base rights. ■

### FRANCE

## The Gaul Of It All

Since taking office last month as France's first female Prime Minister, Edith Cresson has managed to incite fury abroad with her biting *bouche*. Shortly after her appointment, she declared on television that Japan was an "aggressor" that "lived in a universe different from ours, a universe of domination." The remarks prompted the Japanese Foreign Ministry to lodge a complaint with the French ambassador, and sparked protests outside the French embassy in Tokyo.

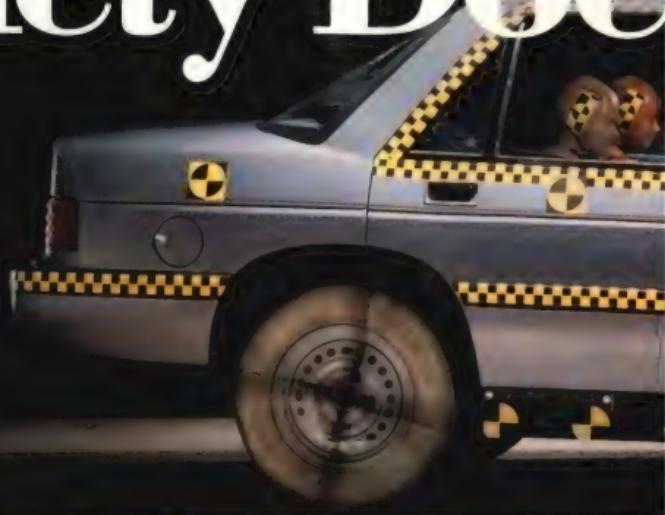
Last week Cresson drew fire again, this time for saying that Frenchmen are more interested in women than are men in the U.S., Germany and Britain—where, she contended, a quarter of the males are homosexual. ■



Cresson: a biting bouche

ual. When these allegations, made in a 1987 interview for a book about women, were published in Britain's *Sunday Observer*, Cresson, 57, claimed that it was "not fair play" to pull an old conversation "out of a drawer." Throughout England, stiff upper lips quivered. "They don't call Paris 'Gay Paree' for nothing, you know," retorted the tabloid *Sun*. ■

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## FINANCIAL SERVICES

# Charge It Your Way

**Credit-card users finally get a break, as fierce competition spurs a free-for-all of innovative services and jazzy incentives**

By JANICE CASTRO

**K**a-chunk! Ka-chunk! Every day more than 200 million credit cards slide in and out of charge machines across the U.S. Ka-chunk! Americans used plastic to charge \$480 billion last year, at a rate of about \$1 million a minute. The typical American charge customer carries nine cards and owes more than \$2,000 on them. Despite interest rates averaging close to 19%, many cardholders are blasé about paying hundreds of dollars a year in interest, plus an annual fee for the privilege of doing so.

No wonder the competition for these docile consumers is growing far tougher. Powerful new players are entering the business, and the result is some welcome relief for the consumer. Card issuers are changing the rules as they go, cutting prices, waiving fees and offering an inventive array of new services. "The heat is on in the credit-card industry," says Robert McKinley, publisher of *Bankcard Update*, an industry newsletter. "Nonbanks are finally putting pressure on the banks to lower their rates."

In just four years, Sears has recruited 38 million customers for its all-purpose Discover credit card. Sears charges no fee, and refunds as much as 1% of all purchases at the end of the year; customers have collected \$100 million in these reimbursements so far. When AT&T introduced its Universal card last year, promising 10% discounts on long-distance calls and no fee for life to anyone who signed up the first year, 10 million consumers called to ask for Ma Bell's special Visas and MasterCards. Last week Ford began offering no-fee Visas and MasterCards carrying the company's blue-and-white oval. Chrysler is preparing to offer its own brand of cards.

The new issuers covet the rich profits that can be reaped from installment credit. Banks that issue general-use credit cards, like the 420-million Visa and MasterCards in circulation worldwide, have been borrowing funds in the U.S. at 9% to 10% interest and loaning those funds out on plastic at as much as 22%. For banks stuck with Third World loans and rancid real estate, that spells salvation. At the 10 largest banks in the business, which hold 48% of all outstanding card debt, credit cards ac-

count for 25% of profits. Citibank, the largest issuer, cleared \$610 million in profits on its Visa and MasterCard operations last year, according to Spencer Nilson, editor of *The Nilson Report*, an industry newsletter. Even though some 6,000 financial institutions issue cards, the business had nearly been impervious to price competition. Consumers who will shop around for value on everything from groceries to autos have been sluggish when it comes to seeking better deals on credit-card costs.

Now they're getting smarter. Loaded down with \$226 billion in high-interest revolving-credit debt, up from \$55 billion in 1980, Americans are beginning to think twice before they pull out the plastic. Easy credit is no longer enough to attract them.

As the competition heats up and the growth of charge volume slows, issuers of credit cards are trying to stand out from the crowd by offering better service. They began years ago with such offerings as travel discounts and so-called affinity cards, which feature the logos of sports teams or donate a portion of every charge to charity. Some banks offer programs similar to Citibank's Citidollars plan, under which cardholders earn discount points that can be applied to goods in a mail-order catalog. "Trouble is, the product selection is generally limited and the discounts insignificant," says *Bankcard Update's* McKinley. "The idea of these enhancements is to create marketing value, not real value. The enhancements attract consumers, but most consumers don't use them."

American Express has been a leader in developing new services that customers never knew they needed. After the company introduced free insurance for rental cars nationwide in 1987, the benefit was copied by MasterCard and Visa. Banks also followed American Express in offering such features as extended-warranty protection on products purchased with their cards and access to hot tickets for cultural events.

American Express follows a strategy that is notably different from its bank-card brethren. Since it issues mostly charge cards (meaning accounts are paid up every month) rather than credit cards, American Express reaps little in profits from interest charges on outstanding balances. The company relies on relatively high annual fees

(\$55 for the Green Card) and vendor payments on purchases (3.5% on most restaurant bills, almost twice what Visa and MasterCard charge). With just 37 million cards in circulation, Amex is a niche player compared with mass marketers Visa (257 million) and MasterCard (163 million).

Nestled in that niche, however, is a big-spending consumer. On average, American Express customers charge \$4,266 per card every year, vs. \$1,577 among bankcard holders. Three years ago, protecting its flank, American Express introduced the Optima revolving-credit card for established customers, pegging the interest rate at about 16% to keep its flock from straying to higher-priced cards. "We are not interested in having everyone carry our card," says Kenneth Chenault, president of the company's consumer-credit-card division. "My objective is to go after the most profitable charge customers and keep them happy."

To meet that goal, Ameri-



can Express constantly raises the competitive stakes. Example: Global Assist, a free, 24-hour worldwide hot line that helps card members with medical and legal emergencies. Michael Nolan, 29, a salesman from New Jersey, was vacationing on Saint Martin last June, when he collapsed from an unidentified illness. Alerted by his family, Global Assist arranged a long-distance diagnosis by U.S. medical specialists and airlifted the comatose Nolan home just in time for a lifesaving liver transplant.

As major companies enter the card business, usually by buying their own banks, they tout fresh features to set them apart. Last month new-player AT&T started the competition with a plan to intercede with credit bureaus on behalf of its charge customers. Consumers have long complained that the industry disseminates inaccurate and damaging information about them, then is inexplicably slow to correct mistakes. AT&T, which wields considerable clout as a leading buyer of credit reports, persuaded the three major credit bureaus—Equifax, TRW and TransUnion—to set up toll-free numbers for Universal customers and card applicants who want to dispute their records. Says Paul Kahn, president of AT&T's card division: "We've really shaken up some of the very fat, complacent banks in this business."



Ultimately, I think consumers are getting a better deal with our product and with a lot of products that are starting to come out."

Another new type of benefit seeks to help two-income families to save time. Citibank Visa and MasterCards now offer the price-protection feature. If customers buy a product with the card, then find it elsewhere at a cheaper price, Citibank will refund the difference. The customer, though, must provide proof within 60 days that the lower price was advertised in print. Citibank's cards also cover damage and loss.

A popular feature started by bankcard issuers like Citibank is the airline-affiliated card, which gives one frequent-flyer-mile

credit for each dollar charged. Starting next week, American Express will mimic that idea, adding its own twist. Unlike most bankcards, which generally restrict the program to one airline, American Express will allow cardholders to allocate their miles to any combination of 31 airlines, including United, Delta, Northwest and Continental. One catch: cardholders must charge at least \$5,000 a year to participate. Explains Chenault: "The American Express card will serve as a kind of wild card for a variety of frequent-flyer programs."

The intensifying competition is squeezing profit margins on cards. Services such as Global Assist, the warranty programs and frequent-flyer benefits are more costly to provide than the old-time discounts were.

To boost the volume of business, issuers are trying to persuade American consumers to charge everything from groceries and fast-food to telephone calls and health care. Currently 13.5% of U.S. consumer spending is paid via plastic; most of the rest is dispensed through cash and checks. Says Keith Kendrick, senior vice president of marketing for MasterCard: "Though people have talked for a long time about the cashless society, we are by no means all the way there."

Technology is speeding that transformation. Advanced instant-verification devices are shaving the time it takes to use a card to nearly equal that of a cash transaction. AT&T cardholders can now use Universal in thousands of new pay phones that take only plastic: a practice that helps lock in long-distance business for the firm.

Greater use of charge cards naturally stimulates spending, since cash at hand is not an issue. Fast-food customers, for example, spend twice as much on average when they use a credit card. Supermarkets report an even bigger increase. Families trying to adopt more sensible spending habits will soon be fighting temptation at every turn. In fact, if the card companies prove adept in meeting their goals, they may persuade Americans to loosen up on their wallets and give new meaning to the term cashless society.

—With reporting by

Gisela Bolte/Washington and Jane Van Tassel/New York



JIM KELLY/ILLUSTRATION

## TAXES

## Tempest in a Yacht Basin

**The luxury tax hurts the economy and isn't worth the trouble to collect, argues an unusual alliance**

The levy has been labeled the Robin Hood tax by one economist because it helps transfer money from the rich to the poor. Not everyone sees it that way, however. A rare chorus of blue-chip retailers and blue-collar workers denounces it as a disaster tax. At issue is the six-month-old "luxury tax" that Congress adopted last year as part of a comprehensive deficit-reduction plan. The new 10% excise tax was tacked onto such goods as pleasure boats, private airplanes, jewelry and fur. While the tax bite is not particularly severe—a minuscule \$25 million is expected to be raised in fiscal 1991—the levy has outraged businessmen and workers who produce and sell these items.

The boating industry claims to have been especially hard hit. Dealers point to the new tax as the main reason that sales have tumbled 88%, to \$8 million, in South Florida during the first quarter. The recession no doubt contributed to the slowdown, but boat sellers complain that shoppers have escaped the tax by buying yachts in the Bahamas. "It's a question now of how long we can hold out until the tax gets repealed," says Werner Kuhnke, a Miami-based Bertram Yacht dealer. Another consequence of the tax, contends the National Marine Manufac-



A 10% luxury tax is charged on the portion of the purchase price above:

	\$10,000 for furs
	\$10,000 for jewelry
	\$30,000 for cars
	\$100,000 for boats
	\$250,000 for airplanes

This 63-ft. Viking yacht has a sticker price of \$980,000, which means the luxury tax would be \$88,000.

TIME Chas

turers Association, has been the layoffs of thousands of skilled boatbuilders. "In a nutshell, this tax has been devastating," says Carl Herndon, president of Blackfin Yacht in Fort Lauderdale. "The rich are still rich. But the people who are on the unemployment rolls are blue-collar workers."

Since the tax threshold on cars is \$30,000, most of the affected models are foreign, but U.S. dealers are complaining

all the same. "It's killed us," laments Norman Scott, a Mercedes-Benz dealer in Houston. "Those guys in Washington are crazy." Consumers seeking to avoid the levy are switching to cars whose prices fall just below \$30,000. Mercedes and Lexus sales have plummeted 27% and 10%, respectively, in the first quarter, but Acura dealers report no major dent in sales.

Some economists argue that the luxury tax acts as a drag on consumer spending just as the economy is struggling to get out of recession. Moreover, the tax may be grossly inefficient. The Congressional Budget Office estimates the tax will generate \$1.5 billion in revenues over five years. But Peter Scott, a former Internal Revenue Service official who now works for the accounting firm Coopers & Lybrand, contends the tax will cost about twice that much just to enforce.

Four resolutions have been introduced in Congress seeking to repeal or change the luxury tax, and the Bush Administration said last weekend that it wouldn't object to getting rid of the levy. But Washington insiders say the odds of killing the tax are still very low, since it was part of a delicately balanced package. If the tax is eliminated, it could unravel a budget compromise that took months to hammer out. Says a staff member on the House Ways and Means Committee: "Once you allow the process to start, you just don't know where it is going to stop."

—By Bernard Baumohl.

*With reporting by S.C. Gwynne/Washington and Laura Myers/Miami*

## ADVERTISING

## The Collapse Of Clio

**Snaus and intrigue make a mockery of an industry's most prestigious award**

It began badly. On a balmy June Thursday, eminences from the world of advertising arrived at a Manhattan auditorium for the first round of 1991's Clio Awards, the industry's high-profile, holly pursued "Oscars." But Clio's tuxedoed officials were oddly absent, as were the tickets that some attendees had paid \$125 for.

Things got worse. The caterer was pressed into service as an emcee. When no script appeared, print-ad winners were asked to identify themselves as slides of their work appeared on a screen, sometimes backward or out of focus.

It got worse still. Upon hearing there

was no list of radio-commercial winners, irate ad folk rushed the stage demanding an explanation. Unclaimed Clios were snapped up by anyone who could grab one.

Then, four days later, things really got bad. The banquet honoring TV commercials was canceled outright when the Clio company couldn't come up with the cash.

The blame for the double disaster landed squarely on Bill Evans, owner of the Clio Awards since 1972. Evans' energetic promotion of Clio had solidified its prestige—and profitability. The company raised \$2.5 million a year in revenues, mainly from the \$70 to \$100 fees paid by each of more than 25,000 entrants.

But in 1989 Evans began to reduce his role in the Clios—and, say former employees, increasingly spent money like there was no tomorrow. As this year's ceremony approached, it seemed there might not be one. Bills piled up. Says ex-vice president Nancy Ross:

"All the suppliers wanted money up front. We knew there wasn't going to be a show."

Former employees say they made desperate, unreturned phone calls to Evans. Meanwhile, he rejected several loan offers requiring him to cede control of the company's finances. In early May, claims of drug use among Evans' hangers-on gained credence when police arrested three at his Manhattan town house, charging them with possession of cocaine residue.

Finally, after nearly a month of payless paydays, the entire 11-member Clio staff quit at the end of May. The bizarre banquet now seems like a wake for a Madison Avenue institution. Don Catterson, a new Clio spokesman, blames the company's collapse on staff intrigues and predicts Clio's return next year. Others are not so sure that the man who made a fortune off the image business will ever recover from an image problem of his own.



Evans: Where was he?

**HOLLYWOOD**

# From Subarus to Celluloid

**Scoring big with the summer hit Robin Hood, a former auto distributor becomes Hollywood's hottest new mogul**

By MARTHA SMILGIS LOS ANGELES

The son of an auto mechanic and a former car distributor himself, James Robinson is a hands-on guy. So it was natural for him, in his new role as Hollywood's hottest independent producer, to do some fine-tuning on his \$7.5 million movie *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* when he felt that the editing left something to be desired. "I went in [to the editing room] with the smallest pocketknife," he explains figuratively. "The Sheriff of Nottingham's death scene was so prolonged it was almost comic. I don't think you need to see a knife twisting 16 times in a guy's gutlet. If you've got to kill him, kill him quickly and move on with the story."

Robinson, a centimillionaire based in Baltimore, now spends three days a week in Los Angeles making movies—almost all of them successful. In less than four years his independent film company, Morgan Creek Productions, has produced a sizzling track record of 10 profitable films out of 11 releases. That is a notable feat at a time when several independent filmmakers and two major studios, Orion and MGM, are verging on bankruptcy. Despite mostly negative reviews, *Robin Hood* took in nearly \$26 million during its first weekend, the eighth best film opening of all time. Industry experts predict that *Robin Hood*, which is distributed and partly financed by Warner Bros., could approach \$150 million in box-office revenues.

Since *Robin Hood* will start to break even when its booty reaches \$80 million, the movie is likely to provide ample profits to finance Morgan Creek's eight other movies in various stages of production. Robinson, 56, attributes his success to swift decision making and the fact that his own money is on the line. He has invested about \$80 million in Morgan Creek and has attracted \$200 million from outside investors. "If studio executives lost 25% of their own money on a film," he says, "they'd make better movies." Robinson spent only 20 hours considering whether to buy the *Robin Hood* script for \$1.2 million, and even less time deciding whether to hire Kevin Costner to play the lead for \$7.5 million. Deriding some studio executives as dithering bureaucrats, he declares, "I'm never going to have to ask some guy

who makes \$250,000 a year if I can make a film."

Robinson's affinity for pictures began at age 8 with an Ansco camera; he went on to become an Army photographer. With a bankroll of \$40,000 from later work as a still photographer, he bought his first business, a bankrupt Baltimore company that removed shipping wax from imported autos. Over the ensuing years, he bought and expanded a Subaru distributorship and de-

veloped commercial office space. "In 1987 I looked at the economy and said it's time to be out of the automotive business. I sold my distributorship, lightened up on my real estate and moved to Hollywood. I think entertainment is a good business to be in."

Unlike some passive investors who have got fleeced in Hollywood, Robinson put his own sweat behind his equity and teamed up with veterans like Joe Roth, who has since gone on to head 20th Century Fox Films. Robinson's new company, named after the 1943 Preston Sturges film *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, scored a hit in 1988 with its first effort, *Young Guns*. The company went on to produce such other moneymakers as *Major League* and *Pacific Heights*, as well as a dud, *Coupe de Ville*, which took

in only \$5 million at the box office.

For all his maturity in business, Robinson is a kid when it comes to movies. He wants them to have heroes. "People admire honesty, integrity and bravery," he says. "We don't need to step down; we need to step up. I may make a movie I won't take my child to see, but I'll never make a movie that I wouldn't take my mother to see. If I make a movie and Hitler's in it, he's the bad guy, and I promise you he will die in the end."

Robinson is a demon for details, beginning with a movie's script. "A lot of companies start with an imperfect script, which is like drawing a road map while on a trip," he says. Other steps get just as much scrutiny, from choosing a director to arranging a sound track. "You don't know how good



On the set of his biggest gamble yet, Robinson chats with his \$7.5 million man

veloped commercial office space. "In 1987 I looked at the economy and said it's time to be out of the automotive business. I sold my distributorship, lightened up on my real estate and moved to Hollywood. I think entertainment is a good business to be in."

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your movie will be, but you can avoid making a bad one," says Robinson. He tries to avoid the movie industry's all-consuming politics. "People don't go to the movies to see pitches and deals, they go to see good films," he says.

Morgan Creek has its lenses focused on more than just movies. The company has already produced MTV videos, toys, Nintendo games and hard- and soft-cover books. A *Robin Hood* sound-track album is the first offering from Morgan Creek Records, and a planned animated series will initiate a TV division.

Yet Robinson's roots keep him grounded. He spends two days of each workweek at his Baltimore offices, which handle his trucking, port-serving and real estate interests. Married for 27 years, he talks to his five children daily and says his offspring must gain business experience before coming to Hollywood. But Robinson does harbor at least one more fantasy: to be born again as a cinematographer. Whoever said there were no second acts in American life? ■

## MORGAN

**MAJOR LEAGUE**  
\$75 million

**YOUNG GUNS II**  
\$62 million

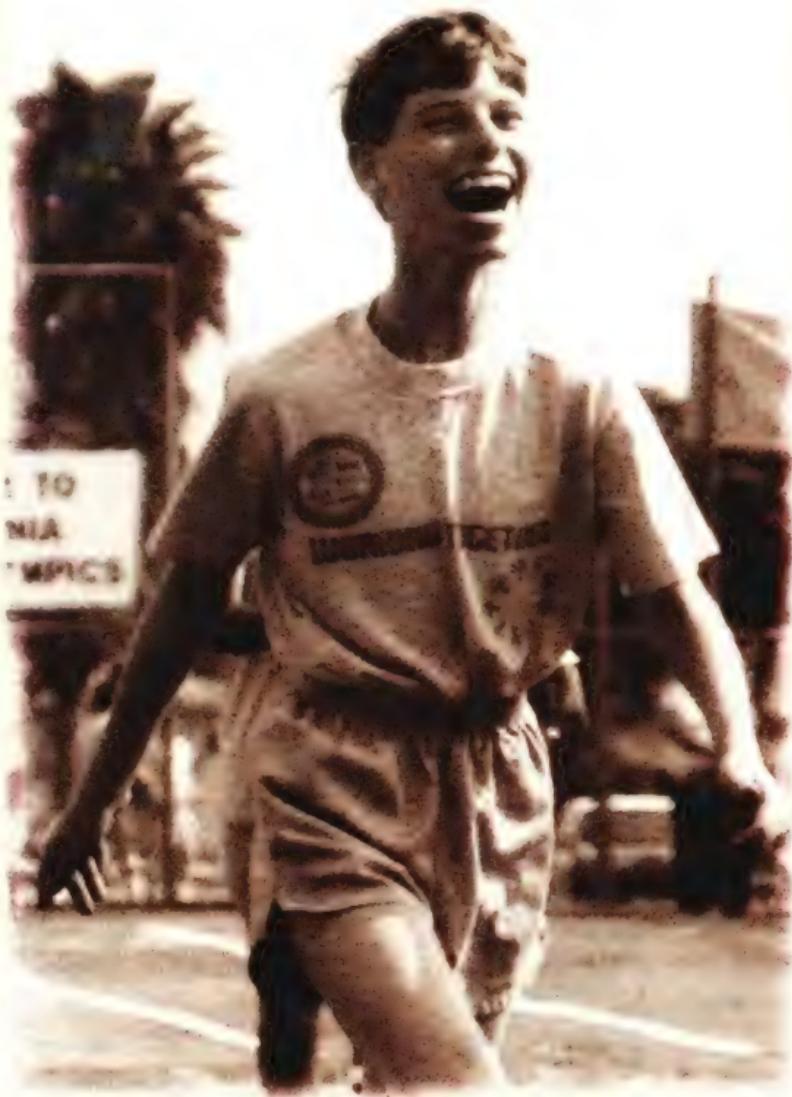
**YOUNG GUNS**  
\$60 million

**PACIFIC HEIGHTS**  
\$55 million

**SKIN DEEP**  
\$45 million

## CREEK

Worldwide box office revenue as of June 20, 1991



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ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ATHLETIC COMPETITIONS ANYWHERE has no losers. It's called Special Olympics. Every year, some 24,500 athletes with mental retardation compete in the



“BEFORE  
they even  
FINISH  
a race, they've  
WON MY  
heart.”

BETH HENNING

*California Special Olympics volunteer*

California Special Olympics. These Special Olympians strive for much more than ribbons and medals. They're experiencing independence. They're developing confidence. And they're challenging their own limitations.

Best of all, they're all winners. But ask any of the 30,000 Special Olympics volunteers and they'll say they're big winners, too.

“It's almost impossible to put into words the joy you feel,” says Beth Henning. “There's a sense of closeness being with these athletes. I was just swept away with happiness.”

Beth volunteered for the first time two years ago. And she was one of the first to sign up again this year. She couldn't help being moved by the joy, pride and love so evident during the Games.

Volunteers serve as coaches, keep times and scores, hand out awards and greet every single competitor at the finish line.

With a handshake, a hug or a high-five.

This is a moment everyone remembers long after the day has ended.

We're proud that Beth works in the Market Research Department of our Lexus division.

She's one of the many Toyota people who give their time and affection to Special Olympics.

And to these athletes, even a little of someone's time and affection can mean the difference between just running a race and breaking through barriers.

**TOYOTA**

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

## BUSINESS NOTES



Taxol source: a new use for yews

### DRUGS

#### Bark for Cancer's Bite

The Pacific Coast's forests are teeming with hidden drugs, including the legal kind. Last week the Agriculture Department decided to allow the pharmaceutical company Bristol-Meyers Squibb to cut down

38,000 Pacific yew trees for one such substance. The bark of the yew tree is the sole source for a drug called taxol, a promising treatment for breast and ovarian cancer. Despite concerns over the impact of the yew harvest, most environmental groups support the agreement because it specifies that Bristol-Meyers will pay for Forest Service research into conservation and management of the yews.

Criticism has centered instead on the sweetheath nature of the deal. Says Oregon Congressman Ron Wyden: "I don't know of any other instance when the Federal Government has given any one drug company exclusive control over a species." The monopoly extends to marketing as well, since taxol is covered by an orphan-drug law that gives one company the right to sell the product. ■

### MARKETING

#### A Real Brew-Haha

To boost sales, breweries have been trying to entice certain customers by offering more buzz for the buck. But a new malt liquor served up last week may be packing too much punch for its own good. Marketed by G. Heileman Brewing, the beverage, called PowerMaster, is drawing flak for its high alcohol content and for being targeted at low-income minorities. PowerMaster is 5.9% alcohol by volume, vs. 4.5% for the typical malt liquor and 3.5% for regular beer. Urban community leaders claim PowerMaster goes too far. Declares the Rev. Calvin Butts,

a Harlem pastor: "The breweries are no better than crack dealers who prey on poor people." The Federal Government is raising objections about the word power in the label, which may violate a law prohibiting the marketing of liquor based on its alcoholic strength. ■



High kick



Minus the artillery, the vehicles are now on sale in the U.S.

### TRANSPORTATION

#### Humvee in The Driveway

Looking for a rugged all-terrain vehicle? Then a Humvee might be just the buggy for you. It doesn't come with air conditioning or stereo, but it's been tested in real battlefield conditions. Humvee, which is short for High-Mobility Multipurpose Wheeled Vehicle, is the new U.S. Army jeep. Deployed first in combat in Panama, some 20,000 Humvees were used in the Persian Gulf war. Starting last week, the Humvee was being offered for sale to the public

### DISCRIMINATION

#### The Price of Prejudice

Why would Shell Oil suddenly fire a 19-year employee who rose from \$13,900 research veterinarian to \$115,000 executive? According to Jeffery Collins, for one reason only: he is gay. Last week Judge Jacqueline Taber of California's Superior Court agreed, and ordered Shell to pay \$5.3 million in damages for violating state law and its own contract with "a totally devoted employee."

Collins' trouble began in 1985, when he was director of a Shell subsidiary developing anticancer drugs. Using his office computer, Collins wrote an invitation to a party for gay men, which accidentally came to his superior's attention. Four



Collins after a \$5 million victory

days later, Collins was fired. Judge Taber determined that Houston-based Shell "created out of whole cloth" a damning job report on Collins to conceal the real reason for the firing: "a homosexual is unacceptable to Shell's management." Shell may appeal. ■

### SCANDAL

#### L'Oréal's Dark Roots

The French call it "L'Oréal's greatest moral scandal." A corporate feud has focused attention on the pro-Nazi leanings of the beauty giant's founders. As a result, the U.S. Justice Department is weighing banishment from American soil for Jacques Correze, the honorary head of L'Oréal's U.S. affiliate, Cosmair. The turmoil began after Jean Frydman, a Jewish film mogul, decided to sell his share in Paravision, a L'Oréal-backed movie firm. Unhappy with L'Oréal's offer, he sued, making some provocative charges. He says the company forged his resignation from Paravision in order to placate Arab boycotters, a plot engineered by ex-Nazi collaborators like Correze. Fiercely fighting the claims, L'Oréal does concede that its founder, Eugène Schueller, was an anti-Semitic fascist who hired Correze and other ultra-rightists. But that generation no longer runs L'Oréal. Correze, 80 and ailing, is unlikely to visit the U.S. even if he is never placed on the same watch list that bars Austria's Kurt Waldheim. ■

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William J. Flynn  
Chairman of the Board  
and Chief Executive Officer



# Why Forecasts Are Getting Cloudier

**Plans to overhaul the National Weather Service are so far behind schedule that the U.S. could lose its capacity to see—and warn of—the approach of dangerous storms**

By PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

The National Weather Service's new \$3 million radar outpost in Norman, Okla., proved its worth on its first day of operation last March. That evening a series of thunderheads rolled across the southern Oklahoma hill country. One storm cell appeared—at least on conventional radar—to be relatively benign. But not to NEXRAD (for Next Generation Radar), a new detection system that is powerful enough to track a swarm of insects moving across a wheatfield 50 km (30 miles) away. The domed instrument peered into the swirling winds and raindrops inside the clouds and saw a tornado aborning. The Weather Service flushed an alert to the surrounding community. Two houses and \$1 million worth of property were destroyed that night by the cyclone, but there were no serious injuries. "You can never prove you've saved a life," says Ron Albany, director of the NEXRAD facility. "But I'm convinced many people's lives have been spared this spring in Oklahoma."

For weather forecasters, the radar station in Norman represents the bright edge of what is technically possible. It is the first of a proposed network of 160 stations that will eventually blanket the U.S. with high-

power radar, vastly improving the accuracy of predictions. The network is part of an ambitious \$2.25 billion modernization of the National Weather Service, almost a decade in the making, that also features a fleet of advanced satellites, a mosaic of automated weather stations and a high-speed information network linking them all together.

Unfortunately, the Norman outpost has also become a symbol of broken promises, missed deadlines and unfulfilled potential. Two more radar systems, one set for installation near Cape Kennedy in Florida and another outside Washington, are still sitting in packing crates, victims of a bitter contract dispute between the agency and the manufacturer, Unisys. Meanwhile, virtually every other part of the modernization program is either over budget, technically flawed or facing stiff opposition in Washington. The program could cost up to \$1 billion more than originally estimated and is not likely to be completed until 1998, several years later than planned. In the meantime, the agency is forced to rely on outdated equipment that is deteriorating so rapidly it could leave large sections of the U.S. with no radar and satellite coverage at all.

At a Senate hearing last week, government officials admitted that they had

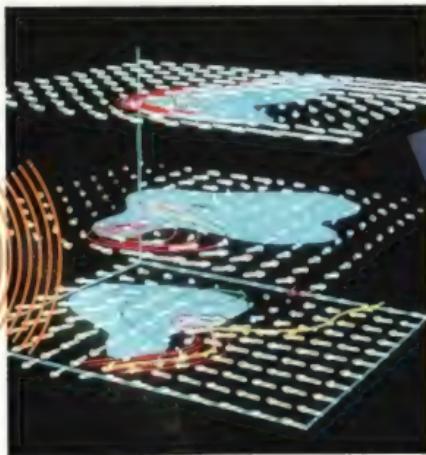
"underestimated the complexity" of the overhaul and pleaded for restoration of millions of dollars that Congress might cut from the Weather Service's budget. Congress members have not only balked at the soaring cost of the program, but have also raised pork-barrel concerns about plans to reduce the number of NWS offices around the country from 249 to 115—a reduction made possible by the greater power of the new technology. "It's a minor version of the military-base closings," says one NWS official.

The Weather Service is in drastic need of renovation. The 100-year-old agency has become a technology museum. Its forecasters still launch old-fashioned balloons—70 of them twice a day—to take readings in the atmosphere. They use refrigerator-size computers that have less power than the average desktop machine. And they depend on radar equipment that runs on World War II-type vacuum tubes. Thisreaking system is dangerously prone to breakdowns. In one notorious instance in the winter of 1988, the radar sentinel in North Carolina was out of service for 10 days, during which a batch of tornadoes tore up the state, injuring 157 people, killing four and wreaking \$77 million worth of damage.

Even when the aged system is working,

## RADAR

New Doppler radar towers, like the one below in Oklahoma, can peer into a thunderhead and spot the formation of a tornado with unprecedented accuracy. But a contract dispute between the Weather Service and the manufacturer has put a plan to build 160 such stations on indefinite hold.



## SATELLITES

The weather satellite that took this picture of thunderstorms rolling across the Eastern seaboard is running out of fuel. Its replacement, above, has mechanical problems. If the glitches can't be fixed soon, U.S. forecasters could be left without an eye on the skies.



it has a blind spot for what meteorologists call "mesoscale" events, measured in minutes and tens of miles: tornadoes, flash floods, squall lines and thunderstorms. Some Weather Service offices do not issue a tornado warning until a human actually sights a twister—by which time it is often too late to get out of harm's way. False alarms of flash floods have become so common that they are usually ignored.

Even under the best of circumstances, weather prediction is an inexact science. Because the upper atmosphere is subject to countless fluctuations, mathematicians say the theoretical limit for a reasonably accurate forecast is less than two weeks. But within this time frame, a number of innovations have enhanced the meteorologist's prophetic powers. Supercomputers build mathematical models that show the interaction of wind, sun, temperature and humidity across the entire globe. And Doppler radar—the technology at the heart of the Norman station—is adept at spotting the destructive midsize squalls that have traditionally taken forecasters by surprise. By bouncing microwaves off the tiny droplets in the center of a cloud and picking up the echoes, Doppler systems can map the relative velocity of wind currents within the cloud. High-velocity winds and a high level of organization can signal the formation of a mesocyclone—a precursor to a full-fledged tornado.

In the mid-1980s the NWS put together a plan to make use of the new technologies. Since then the program has encountered nothing but turbulence. Among the problems:

**FLAWED SATELLITES.** In 1986 the Weather Service ordered five advanced satellites from NASA to replace three that were either out of commission or nearing

the end of their life cycle. One of the three died of old age two years ago. Another was lost in space. The third is scheduled to run out of fuel in mid-1993. Meanwhile, the new satellites, like so many NASA products, have run into trouble: they are \$500 million over budget and three years late, and they have developed a mysterious flaw that makes their temperature soundings unexpectedly weak. A race is on to correct the problem, but if the old satellite dies before a new one is launched, the U.S. will lose its ability to monitor broad weather patterns across the country, a situation NWS director Elbert ("Joe") Friday calls "a national emergency."

**RADAR WARS.** When the Weather Service put out bids for the NEXRAD system in 1988, the choice came down to Sperry (now Unisys) and Raytheon. Sperry, which promised to build 121 machines for \$386 million, was the low bidder. But two years into the job, the company insisted that it needed an additional \$250 million to complete it. The government refused to pay, and the company refused to make any more radars. Now, with the Weather Service logging a record year for tornadoes (1,033 so far this year), the program is still stalled in court. A decision on whether to pull the plug on Unisys is expected within weeks.

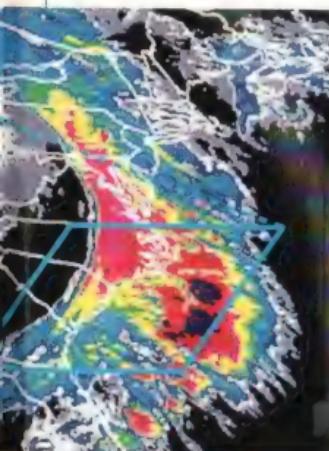
**COMPUTER MORASS.** The Weather Service finally replaced its main number-crunching supercomputer—a clunky Control Data machine—with a slick new Cray Y-MP last year, and has been upgrading the software for its radar and satellite stations. To speed the dissemination of data and forecasts between its central office in Camp Springs, Md., and weather stations around the country, it is building AWIPS, the Advanced Weather Interactive Pro-

cessing System. However, AWIPS is already a year late. Meanwhile, a report by the National Research Council in May cast doubt on the ability of the NWS's small staff to manage its other complex new programs.

How did the Weather Service get into such a mess? Part of the problem is bureaucratic: the NWS falls under the sway of the Commerce Department, which has never shown much understanding of or interest in the science or technology of weather prediction. Pinched by tight budgets and layoffs over the past decade, the agency was very nearly shut down under the Reagan Administration, which in its zeal to privatize government operations briefly proposed selling off the Weather Service's satellite network to the highest bidder. Public outcry forced the White House to scrap its plans.

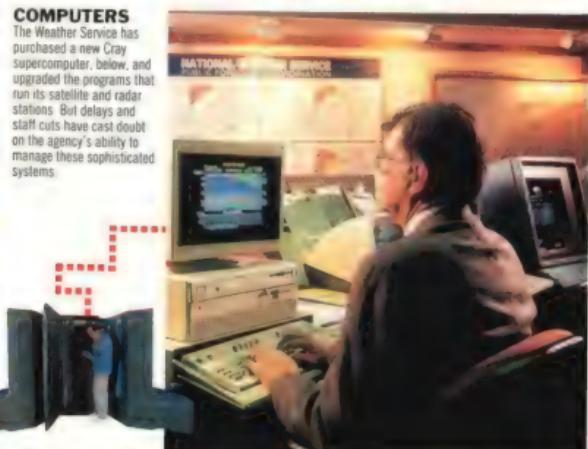
What the budget cutters forgot is that the Weather Service is one of the few government operations that give every American a tangible benefit for his tax dollar. Not only do picnickers count on the predictions to save them from a sprinkling, but thousands of businesses depend on the NWS for their very survival—from airlines plotting the most efficient flight path to utilities trying to meet peak-load demands. Farmers, fishermen, oil drillers, construction companies, snowmakers, moviemakers, grain speculators and baseball umpires all have an urgent interest in accurate weather predictions. With hats in hand, NWS officials tried to impress this upon the Senators last week. And while further technical delays seem inevitable, the betting is that funds for modernization will be found. Or, as the Weather Service might put it: the outlook is overcast, with skies slowly clearing.

*Reported by David Bjerkie/  
New York, Wayne Greene/Norman and Dick  
Thompson/Washington*



#### COMPUTERS

The Weather Service has purchased a new Cray supercomputer, below, and upgraded the programs that run its satellite and radar stations. But delays and staff cuts have cast doubt on the agency's ability to manage these sophisticated systems.



# At Last, the Smoking Gun?

**If a comet did in the dinosaurs, where is the giant crater left by its impact? The answer may lie on the coast of the Yucatán Peninsula.**

By LEON JAROFF

**H**urtling through the atmosphere at nearly 70 km per sec. (150,000 m.p.h.), the giant comet struck with catastrophic force, punching a hole some 40 km (25 miles) deep through the earth's crust and into the mantle. The violence of the collision 65 million years ago completely vaporized the 8-km-wide (5 miles) comet and blasted out a tremendous crater. Huge rocks, hurled high into the air, rained down for hundreds of kilometers. A great fireball rose above the atmosphere, carrying with it vast amounts of pulverized debris.

These finer particles remained suspended, drifting into a globe-enveloping shroud that blocked sunlight for months before blanketing the earth in a layer of dust. In the cold and dark, photosynthesis ceased, plants and animals died, and entire species, including the dinosaurs, perished.

This startling scenario, proposed in 1980 by the late Nobel laureate Luis Alvar

rez and his son Walter, ignited a scientific debate that still rages today. Opponents of the theory, notably paleontologists, blame the Great Extinction on climatic changes possibly brought on by volcanic activity. If the Alvarezés were correct, they ask, where is the smoking gun? Where is the crater?

Some 130 terrestrial impact craters had been identified, but none of them near the age of 65 million years was large enough to qualify as the Crater. Yet if a comet or asteroid massive enough to cause the extinction had struck the earth, it would have left a crater hundreds of kilometers wide. Some traces would still exist, despite the intervening millennia of erosion, sedimentation and tectonic-plate movement.

Now, after a decade-long search, the attention of geologists is riveted on a circular basin some 180 km (112 miles) in diameter. It lies buried under 1,100 m (3,600 ft.) of limestone, centered beneath the town of Chichxulub, on the northern tip of Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula, and extending out un-

**Bit the dust:** *Tyrannosaurus rex*

der the Gulf of Mexico. The nature of the basin, its location and a preliminary estimate of its age suggest that it is the Crater, the one gouged into the earth by the comet or asteroid that killed the dinosaurs.

In the search for the Crater, the first clues were sifted out of clumps of gray clay. At dozens of sites around the world, that clay has been found in a thin boundary layer between the rock of the Tertiary period and the formations of the late Cretaceous period, which ended 65 million years ago. In the Cretaceous rock lie the fossil remains of giant dinosaurs and a profusion of other species. But in the Tertiary formations, just above the clay, no trace exists of the dinosaurs or

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## DEATH FROM THE SKY

A later and smaller impact in Iowa

Major impact at the site of the present-day coast of the Yucatán Peninsula

An asteroid or a comet perhaps 8 km (5 miles) in diameter may have hit the earth 65 million years ago. Some 1,700 cubic km (400 cubic miles) of debris was ejected above the atmosphere, creating a shroud that covered the entire earth, which wiped out much of life. According to a new theory, a short time later a second chunk of comet struck farther north, in Iowa.

Crater 180 km (112 miles) wide

many of the other Cretaceous species.

The Alvarezes analyzed this clay in the late 1970s and showed it had a far higher content of the rare element iridium than ordinarily found in the earth's crust. It was this discovery that led Luis Alvarez to his momentous insight. Comets and asteroids have high iridium content, he reasoned, and the clay layer could have been formed by the worldwide fallout of the material vaporized when an errant asteroid or, as most scientists now suspect, a giant comet smacked into the earth.

As the quest for the telltale crater intensified in the middle 1980s, William Boynton, a professor of planetary science, and graduate student Alan Hildebrand, both of the University of Arizona, wondered if the boundary clay might also help reveal the site of the impact. Measuring the content of rare earth elements in samples of the clay, they determined that it contained both the basaltic rock found in the ocean floor and a lesser amount of continental rock. Their conclusion: the comet had hit on the edge of an ocean basin.

**S**o great an impact in water must have produced monstrous seismic waves, perhaps as great as 5 km (3 miles) high, that raced across the waters, tearing up the bottom sediments and sweeping rocky debris inland. Searching through scientific literature, they uncovered reports of chaotic mixes of large rocks at the 65-million-year boundary level in Texas, Mexico, Cuba and northern South America, but none anywhere else. This suggests, says Hildebrand, "that the comet hit somewhere between North and South America."

Scientists also reasoned that the thickest layers of ejecta—rocks that fell back to earth after the impact—would be found closer to the Crater. Investigating one suspected ejecta layer in Haiti early in 1990, Hildebrand and another Arizona colleague, David Kring, found tektites, teardrop-shaped pieces of glass formed when molten rock is splashed high into the atmosphere and solidifies on its way back down. To the Arizona scientists, the tektites suggested that the impact had occurred no more than 1,000 km (622 miles) away.

A few months later, Hildebrand learned of a report made a dozen years earlier by Glen Penfield, a geophysicist who had surveyed the Yucatán Peninsula for Pemex, the Mexican national oil company. Studying both magnetic and gravity measurements, Penfield and his Pemex supervisor, Antonio Camargo, had discerned a huge circular basin buried under the peninsula and suspected it might be an impact crater. Their report was largely ignored.

Seeking out Penfield, Hildebrand teamed up with him in a search for samples of material brought up in old oil-drilling operations in the vicinity of the basin. Analyzing a few core samples, Kring discovered compelling evidence that the basin is an impact crater. Most convincing are crys-

tals of quartz with striations that could only have been caused by powerful shock waves stemming from a great impact, as opposed to, say, from volcanic action. Finally, the dating of nearby fossil evidence has narrowed the crater's age to within 5 million years of the Great Extinction.

Unexpected confirmation of the crater has come from a team of scientists led by Charles Duller at NASA's Ames Research Center. While examining satellite photographs of the Yucatán in the mid-1980s, the NASA scientists were intrigued by a strange semicircle of sinkhole lakes on the northern tip of the peninsula. The Chicxulub discovery could provide an explanation. Reporting in *Nature* magazine, the NASA team proposes that the lake pattern developed as the buried crater rim gradually collapsed, producing depressions in the overlying limestone that were filled in by groundwater.

As the evidence mounts, more researchers are convinced that the Chicxulub crater marks the impact point of the killer comet. Says Boynton: "This is nearly as close to a certainty as one can get in science." Some scientists disagree. David Arribalzaga, a biologist at San Diego State University, believes the extinctions took place more gradually and in a complex pattern. "There is zero evidence that dinosaurs became extinct virtually overnight."

This week, at an astronomy conference in Flagstaff, Ariz., scientists will add an intriguing twist to the Alvarez scenario. Their interpretation is based on new evidence that the Cretaceous-clay boundary actually consists of two parts: a thin layer overlying a more substantial one. To Eugene Shoemaker, of the U.S. Geological Survey and a co-author of the report, two layers indicate not one but two impacts.

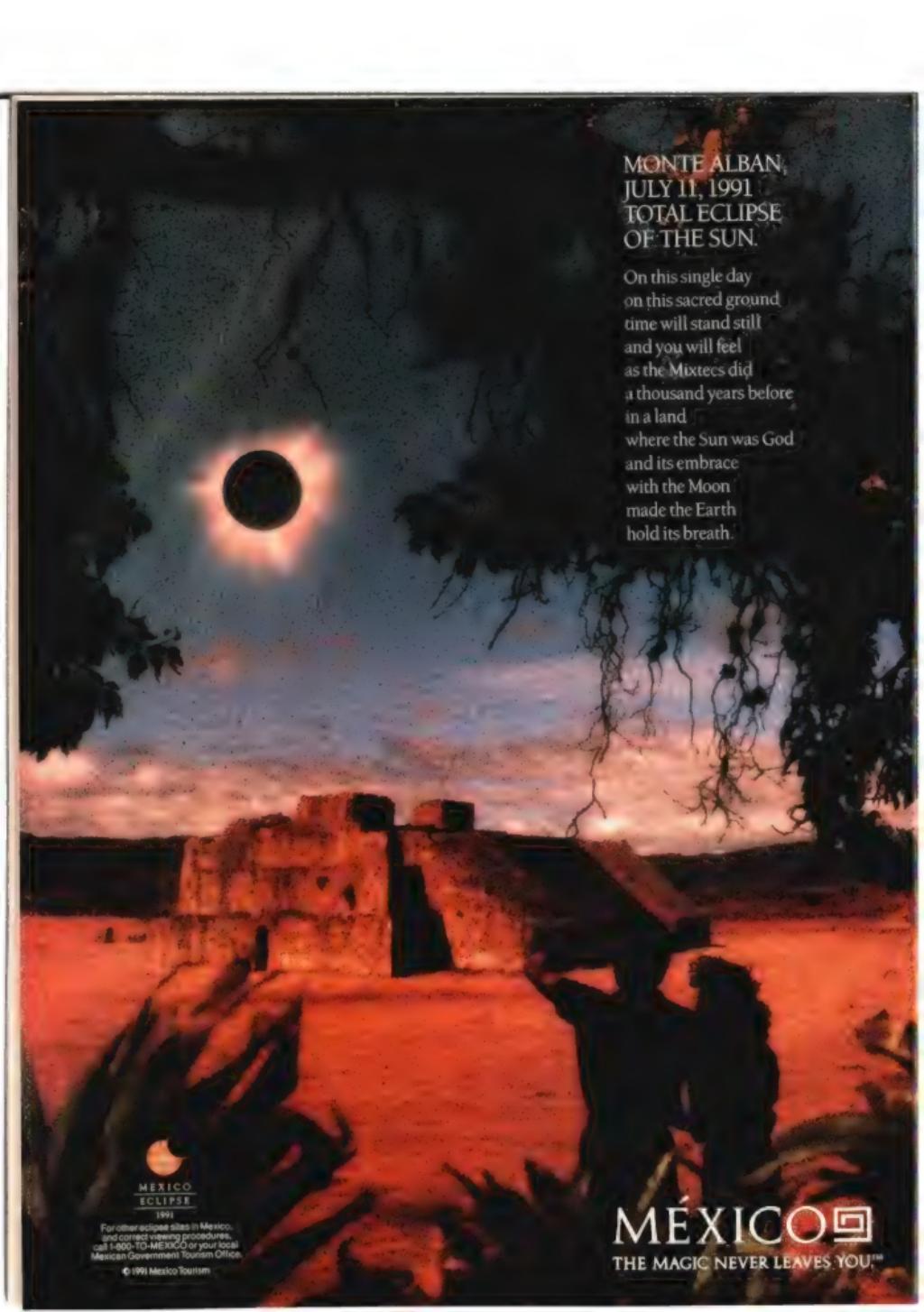
As Shoemaker and his colleagues see it, a giant comet broke apart as it whipped around the sun. Over time, chunks of the comet separated but remained strung out in the same orbit. Then 65 million years ago, as the earth passed through the comet's orbit, it collided with the largest chunk, causing the Great Extinction. Perhaps only a year or two later, as the earth again entered the trail of cometary debris, it met a second, smaller chunk. Where did the second impact occur? This time no search is necessary. Shoemaker points to a well-known crater, 35 km (22 miles) across, that lies partly buried near Manson, Iowa. Its age, established by radioactive dating: 65 million years. Shoemaker believes the new findings will help persuade more scientists to "get off the fence" and side with the Alvarez theory. "Chicxulub is the smoking gun," he says, "and Manson is the smoking pistol."



## Saving the Planet

**W**hat are the chances that much of life could once again be snuffed out by a collision with an icy comet? Rather small, but there are plenty of asteroids in the heavens capable of causing devastation. Astronomers have identified more than 130 asteroids whose paths could intersect earth's orbit. Consisting largely of rock or iron, some are over a mile wide and could ram the earth at 65,000 km (40,000 miles) per hour. The odds of a strike within the next 50 years are probably less than one in 10,000. But whenever it does happen, the explosion could dwarf a nuclear bomb blast.

Until the space age, earthlings had no defense against such a threat. But now astronomers can determine years in advance if an asteroid will hit the earth. In theory, a nuclear missile could then be launched to rendezvous with the intruder, explode nearby and nudge it into a safe path. NASA, which spends under \$1 million a year watching for collisions, will be a sponsor of the first International Conference on Near-Earth Asteroids next week in San Juan Capistrano, Calif., and is planning a seminar this year on asteroid avoidance. Still, the threat of a sneak attack remains. In 1989 a 250-m-wide (820-ft.) asteroid was discovered only after it had missed the earth by an astronomical eyelash—less than 804,500 km (500,000 miles).



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# People

By SOPHFRONIA SCOTT / Reported by Wendy Cole

## Nerd Power

"It's like a trophy of your work that can be shared with others," says actor JALEEL WHITE. Is he talking about the Oscar or the Emmy? No. It's a 17-in. talking Urkel doll. White's nerdy but lovable TV character, Steve Urkel, on *Family Matters* is the coolest thing to kids, meriting a Hasbro re-creation. White, 14, says kids admire how Urkel hangs out in hiked-up jeans and saddle shoes without worrying about what society thinks of him. But he admits, "I wouldn't walk out in the street like this."



## Backing Out

The athletic antics of bonny Prince Charles seem to be catching up with him. He's

been suffering acute back pain for the past five weeks, though playing polo the entire time, but last week it became so intense he was forced to cancel all his public duties for the rest of the month. The pain, caused by a degenerative disk, now has the prince so disabled he can barely get out of a chair. "If he does not rest his back now, he could well end up needing surgery," says orthopedic surgeon John Webb of Queen's Medical Center. His condition is attributed to a lifetime of sports—skiing, windsurfing and parachuting, as well as polo. Charles will recuperate at his home at Highgrove in Gloucestershire, and has been prescribed anti-inflammatory drugs.



## Star Trip

The android moonlights as a singer. While his popular character, Data, on *Star Trek: The Next Generation* studies the behavior of humankind, BRENT SPINER likes to delve into music. He's completed his first album, *Ol' Yellow Eyes Is Back*, featuring his favorite classic tunes, including *Embraceable You* and *More Than You Know*. But would *Ol' Blue Eyes* take issue with the album's title? Spiner, 40, says he's not worried a bit. "If I was sued by Frank Sinatra,



it would be a privilege," he quipped. "I understand that *Star Trek* is one of two shows he watches." Far out.

## New Threats

Just when he thought it was safe to venture cautiously into the public eye, SALMAN RUSHDIE has had to burrow underground once more. The marked author of *The Satanic Verses*, which caused the late Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran to issue a *fatwa*, or death sentence, on him in 1989, had been trying to emerge from



hiding, making unannounced book-signing appearances and even granting several interviews. But last week brought word that a hit squad has been gearing up an assassination plan and that the reward for killing Rushdie has been doubled to \$2 million. The death threat could well complicate efforts to improve the shaky diplomatic ties between London and Tehran.

## Like Son, Like Father

What would Freud say about a son acting the role of his own dad? DESI ARNAZ JR., center, assumes the task, portraying his late father in the fall film *THE MAMBO KINGS*. Arnaiz was coaxed into the part when 100 other Desi hopefuls didn't cut it. The film has Arnaiz befriending fledgling mambo kings ARMAND ASSANTE and ANTONIO BANDDEHES. "Playing my own father was a cathartic experience," says



Arnaiz, 38. "Not only was able to capture certain positive feelings I never knew were there between us, but I was also able to let go of certain negative feelings that have been buried deep within me all these years."



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## Ethics

# Tying the Boy Scouts In Knots

Atheists, girls and gays are suing to join, testing the group's claim to be a private body in which discrimination is allowed

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

**M**ost Americans believe that the Boy Scouts stand for the best in national values, an image the group achieved in part by shrewdly staying out of the ever heated debate over what those values are. For 81 years, while the organization inducted 83 million youths, the popular image of a scout has been benign and nonpartisan: a polite teenager helping an old lady cross the street. Chartered by Congress and widely sponsored by schools, police and fire departments, scouting has carefully marketed itself as a community-service institution, worthy of donations and removed from controversy.

But a new image is emerging. In Illinois, California and Florida, children are fighting exclusion from the Boy Scouts based on their being atheist, agnostic or female. An assistant scoutmaster in California is battling an expulsion imposed because he is gay. And Boy Scout officials are rewriting popular mythology, if not history, to assert that the scouts are free to discriminate because they were always a private club rather than a public resource.

Already the contrecamps are causing some groups to rethink their relationship with scouting. In Hinsdale, Ill., where Mark Welsh, 8, was barred from Cub Scouts because he is an agnostic, the local school system has temporarily halted the distribution of recruitment flyers. In Miami, where Margo Manke, 8, was expelled by the regional council of Cub Scouts because she is a girl, her home troop has kept her on as an unofficial member.

Numerically the organization is in little immediate danger. After a dip in the '70s, membership surged during the Reagan era. Today 4.3 million young people belong to Cub Scouts and its precursor Tigers (for boys 6 to 10), Boy Scouts (boys 11 to 17) and Explorers (both sexes, 14 to 20). The two younger groups must swear loyalty to God and country. Explorers take no oath, and thus the 1.2 million-member



Young nonbelievers: Michael and William Randall of Anaheim Hills, Calif.

branch has largely kept clear of courtroom battles but has weakened scouting's claim that religious faith is central to its mission.

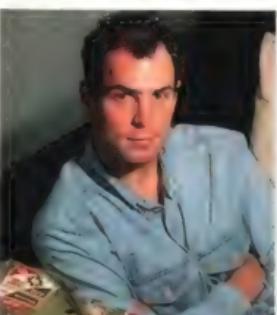
An even clearer affirmation of the group's appeal is that its court adversaries want to join in, not shut it down. Mark Welsh persisted in suing despite his father Elliott's cautions because, he says, "there's things I want to do in Cub Scouts—build bonfires, go camping, pool parties." His 15-month-old case went to trial last week, and Mark gained a psychic merit badge in media mama. Testifying was "scary," he said. "I mostly learned about news cameras."

Michael and William Randall, twin nine-year-olds from Anaheim Hills, Calif.,

have been just as stubborn. They were excluded from a Cub Scout pack in February because they could not, as atheists, pledge duty to God. One of their attorneys is their father James, but he emphasizes that the legal battle was the twins' idea, not his. He calls the lawsuit "the kiss of death." Says his son Michael: "I just want to be a member of an organization and not have to say the word God and not have an organization force me to say it. They're not a private organization. They're public. And if they're public, they can't exclude people who don't believe in God."

The key legal question is how private the scouts are. When Margo Manke's attorney alleged the scouts had violated state and local laws against sex discrimination, Boy Scouts of America attorney George Davidson countered, "Congress has authorized the B.S.A. to maintain a program for boys. It's not open to a state or local government to change their policies." But the congressional charter undercuts scouting's additional claims to be private, so, in discussing the case, spokesman Blake Lewis says, "The B.S.A. wasn't founded by Congress. We see this as a larger issue of our constitutional rights as a private organization."

The boundary between private association and the public right to free access has been one of the hardest to draw. Lawyers targeting the scouts rely in part on public-accommodation statutes, which were originally used to regulate restaurants, hotels and the like. In recent years the laws have been applied to groups such as the Jaycees, which women argued—success-



Fighting back: Tim Curran of Hollywood, who was expelled for being gay

## Ethics

fully—was not a private club but a career-enhancement group.

Mankes' attorney makes similar arguments. "The scouts are training boys to be successful," Mark Rubin declares. "The Girl Scouts' purpose is to make women better homemakers. There is no alternative as good as the Boy Scouts."

Timothy Curran, 29, already had his chance for happy memories of scouting. Now a videotape editor for a local TV news program in Los Angeles, Curran joined a Berkeley troop in 1975 and quickly progressed to Eagle Scout and assistant scoutmaster. In 1981 he was expelled because officials had seen a newspaper photograph of him taking a male date to his high school senior prom. Curran was a student at UCLA when he was banned. He sued immediately; a decade later, the case is still unresolved. While an antigay posture might seem predictable for scouting, Curran argues that the organization's literature is silent on the issue and that the manual for scoutmasters specifically prohibits discussion of sexual matters.

In all these controversies the motives of the Boy Scouts, and in some cases their challengers, involve more than the legal niceties. Curran, for example, is by any reasonable definition a gay activist. For their part, the scouts are tending to business interests. In the majority of scout troops, for example, the religious component is negligible and almost any professed faith is welcome, from Methodism to Zen. But about 30% of scouts are sponsored by church groups, and those partners would probably take a dim view if scouting suddenly made belief in God optional. On the issue of female membership, many young boys might balk at enrollment if scouting lost its exclusivity mystique, and the Girl Scouts would surely not welcome the competition.

When it comes to gay participation, the overt concern is about role models, while the unspoken correlative is fear of child molestation. In practice, an acknowledged homosexual is an unlikely molester, if only because parents would be watchful, if married, middle-aged scoutmasters have been known to transgress.

The silliest pretense is that the Boy Scouts do not now number many present or future atheists and homosexuals among their members. Curran was gay and a scout. Elliott Welsh evolved agnostic views shortly after leaving the scouts. Their participation in scouting did not keep them from choosing their lives and values, nor did their participation destroy scouting. What is most troubling in the Boy Scouts' new emphasis on privacy is the hint that the group serves as a retreat for parents who dislike the diverse and tolerant world of today. But that is the world their children will grow up to live in tomorrow. —Reported by Steve Hawk/Los Alamos and Leslie Whitaker/New York



A different drummer: members of the elite college on parade before a barracks

## The Thin Gray Gender Line

**V.M.I. gets state funds, and it bars women. Fine, says a federal judge, because that permits "bonding."**

The all-male Virginia Military Institute was faring better than the beleaguered Boy Scouts last week. A federal judge ruled that the elite college, which has maintained a single-sex admissions policy since its founding in 1839, could continue to discriminate. "V.M.I. truly marches to the beat of a different drummer," concluded Judge Jackson L. Kiser, "and I will permit it to continue to do so."

The Justice Department brought suit against V.M.I. 16 months ago, claiming that exclusion of women from the state school was unconstitutional under the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause. After hearing arguments in April, Judge Kiser, who got his law degree from Washington and Lee University 33 years before it became coed, found that as a single-sex school V.M.I. adds important diversity to Virginia's education system that would be lost if women joined the 1,350-strong cadet corps. The Justice Department has two months to appeal.

This decision goes against a 1982 Supreme Court ruling that forbids gender discrimination in schools receiving federal or state funds. In that case, the Justices said, a state-supported female nursing school in Mississippi could not refuse to enroll men, since a single-sex policy was not necessary to achieve an important educational goal. Citing the Mississippi case, Judge Kiser concluded that V.M.I.'s goals would be thwarted if women were admitted. His ruling complained Ellen Vargas, senior counsel for the National Women's Law Center, turns the 1982 precedent "upside down."

V.M.I., which receives \$9 million annually from the state— $\frac{1}{3}$  of its budget—is an old-fashioned military school, but only about 15% of its graduates enter the armed forces. The majority move smoothly into the Old Dominion's most powerful business and political ranks. Barring women from the school effectively curtails their access to that old-boy network.

In his 21-page opinion, Judge Kiser took note of the school's traditions. V.M.I.'s freshman-class members—the "rats" as they are called—are hazed unmercifully, forced to live under Spartan conditions and confronted with demeaning physical demands. Kiser observed that the "rat line" creates a "bonding to their fellow sufferers and former tormentors." Any changes made in the rat line to accommodate women, he said, would thwart the college's mission.

If V.M.I. were a private institution, it would be as free to keep out women as it is to require every cadet to snap a morning salute in front of a bronze statue of Confederate General Stonewall Jackson, who taught there from 1851 to 1861. "We're not talking about whether there is a role for single-sex education," says Vargas. "The real question is, Can the brother rats have male bonding with tax money from the state of Virginia?" In the wake of Operation Desert Storm, in which women died alongside men for their country, Judge Kiser's ruling seems rather jarring—especially since female taxpayers help pay for V.M.I.'s different drummer.

—By Emily Mitchell

Reported by Julie Johnson/Washington

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## Press

# Justice Comes in Quotes

**Journalists can tinker with the words of interview subjects—but reckless falsity can be libelous**

Many journalists hoped the case would simply go away; the prospect of juries setting limits on the work practices of reporters was a newsroom nightmare. But last week the Supreme Court decided otherwise. It unanimously overturned the decision of a federal court and ruled that the discomforting case of journalist Janet Malcolm, accused of libeling her subject by fabricating his quotes, should go to trial. Nevertheless, the reaction from most reporters, though hardly unanimous, tended toward a collective sigh of relief that the decision showed a subtle sensitivity to their craft.

The lack of outrage among those likely to be most affected stems in part from the tangled nature of the incident that prompted the trouble. In December 1983 the *New Yorker* ran a two-part profile by Malcolm of Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson, a psychoanalyst who had lost his job as projects director of the Sigmund Freud Archives in New York City. Published the next year by Knopf as *In the Freud Archives*, Malcolm's report apparently allowed Masson to destroy himself with his own words: his self-description as "an intellectual gigolo," his plan to transform Anna Freud's house, after her death, into "a place of sex, women,

fun," and his boast that he would be recognized as "after Freud, the greatest analyst who's ever lived."

Masson sued for libel, claiming that he had never said any of these things and that other quotations had been distorted to make him look ridiculous. A long legal wrangle ensued, during which Malcolm, in

“Whether the ‘intellectual gigolo’ passage is defamatory is a question of California law, and to the extent that the Court of Appeals based its conclusion on the First Amendment, it was mistaken.”

a pretrial deposition, conceded that she had combined a number of Masson's comments over a period of months to suggest that they had all occurred during a single lunch at a restaurant in Berkeley. Her 40 or so hours of tapes and her notes of interviews with Masson do not contain the three quotations he claimed were fabricated. Still, her legal defense maintained that even if these statements were manufactured—which Malcolm has steadily denied—they were true to the nature of her subject and thus entitled to First Amend-

ment protection. In 1989 a federal appeals court in California agreed.

Not everyone in the press, including Malcolm supporters, was happy with a decision that seemed to condone outright inventions—between quotation marks—in works of nonfiction. But the possibility threatened by Masson's appeal to the Supreme Court—a draconian definition from the bench of how journalists should write their stories—seemed even worse. A number of news organizations, including the American Society of Newspaper Editors and Time Warner, filed amicus briefs in support of the *New Yorker*.

As it turned out, the opinion written by Justice Anthony Kennedy showed considerable understanding of how speech is translated into print. Kennedy condoned the widespread journalistic practice of emending quotations in the areas of grammar and syntax and went even further, stating that "deliberate alteration of the words uttered by a plaintiff does not equate with knowledge of falsity" for the purpose of meeting the actual malice test for libel suits brought by a public figure. Changing a quotation, Kennedy reasoned, can betray a reckless disregard for the truth only "when the alteration results in a material change in the meaning conveyed by the statement." Whether that sort of alteration happened when Malcolm profited Masson will now be decided by a trial jury in California.

—By Paul Gray.

Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York and Julie Johnson/Washington

## Milestones

**RETIREMENT ANNOUNCED.** By Benjamin Bradlee, 69, gruff, urbane executive editor of the Washington Post for 23 years; effective on Sept. 1, six days after his 70th birthday; in Washington. Appointed managing editor of the Post in 1965 and executive editor in 1968, Bradlee aggressively rebuilt the newspaper into one of the nation's leading dailies. Under his sway, the Post won 23 Pulitzer Prizes, including one in 1973 for its coverage of the Watergate scandal. He will be succeeded by Leonard Downie Jr., who has been the Post's managing editor since 1984.

**HOSPITALIZED.** Dave Dravecky, 35, former San Francisco Giants pitcher; for amputation of his left arm and shoulder to eradicate cancer; in New York City. Operated on in 1988, Dravecky won national sympa-

thy in 1989 by defeating his doctors' predictions that he would never pitch again and hurling a victory against the Cincinnati Reds. But five days later, his pitching arm snapped and he collapsed on the mound during a game in Montreal.

**HOSPITALIZED.** Harry Reasoner, 68, avuncular CBS newsmen; for surgery to remove a blood clot from his brain and with pneumonia; in Norwalk, Conn. Last month Reasoner became editor emeritus of the news program *60 Minutes*, where he had spent 15 seasons as a correspondent.

**DIED.** Jean Arthur, 90, quick-witted comedic film and stage actor; in Carmel, Calif. Born Anna Green in Pittsburgh, N.Y., in 1900, she chose her professional name in honor of two of her heroes: Jeanne d'Arc

and King Arthur. After a successful early career in silent motion pictures, she was featured in three hit films directed by Frank Capra: *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (1936), *You Can't Take It With You* (1938) and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939). Her performance with Alan Ladd in the classic western *Shane* (1953) won critical acclaim.

**DIED.** Irving Ross, 101, financier and metallurgical engineer who helped pioneer continuous casting machines for steel; in Hardin Township, N.J. Hailed as a leader of the American steel industry's "technological revolution" in the early 1960s, Rossi refined a technique for producing steel in less time and at substantially lower cost than it could be made in traditional open-hearth furnaces.



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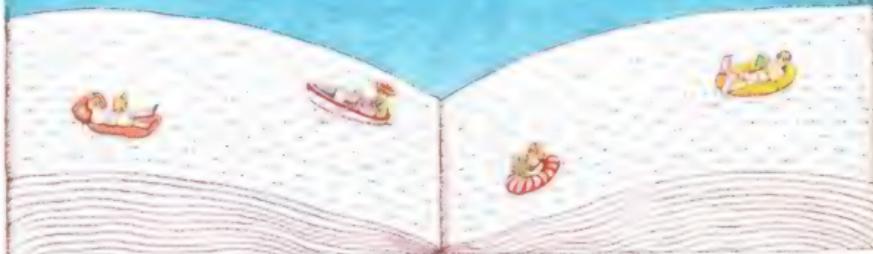
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## Books

# Summer Reading

A dozen books to beguile a long, leisurely season in the sun



By STEFAN KANFER

Peter Benchley's 1974 best seller, *Jaws*, starred the shark that ate Long Island, became a smashing film and inspired a school of sequels. After some dry runs, the novelist has taken the plunge again. *Beast* (Random House; 350 pages; \$21) features tentacles rather than mandibles. Otherwise it is the familiar mixture: lethal creature, relentless pursuers and vast quantities of saline solution. When waters off Bermuda become the killing grounds of a giant squid, tourism collapses. Whereupon an Abhian fisherman, Whip Darling, clammers into a submarine and leads the hunt. All the old ingredients are present, from aqua horror ("the creature moved toward the unnatural thing") to *Moby Dick* dénouement ("Here!" he shouted, and he drove the saw deep into the yawning beak"). In between are adrenal confrontations and detailed descriptions of marine life and death—everything, in fact, but background music and special effects. Wait till next year.

The insinuations of Kitty Kelley satisfied some readers and repelled others. A third group could not get enough backstairs gossip, and its members are the target audience for *A House of Secrets* (Birch Lane; 237 pages; \$18.95). The novel has two things to recommend it: a plausible first-person tone of wounded innocence, and an author named Patti Davis—better known as the daughter of Nancy D. Reagan. The narrator is one Carla Lawton, who grows up in California with few friends and one opponent: her mother. Rachel Lawton lies compulsively and attempts to control every aspect of her child's life. She makes toilet training a

battleground, then becomes an increasingly jealous and violent competitor as Carla matures sexually. Democrats eager for political revelations will be disappointed. Throughout the misadventures, Daddy, a bi-coastal businessman, is malleable and remote as he floats through years of Teflon fatherhood.

Emore Leonard controls more assets than a Mafia don. He possesses a gift for kowtow dialogue, a thorough knowledge of underworld mores and a mastery of high-tension narrative. What he does not have is a gift for whimsy, and that, alas, is the chief ingredient of *Maximum Bob* (Delacorte; 295 pages; \$20). The title character is a sleazoid Florida judge who likes to hit on lady cops and hand out heavy sentences. Someone tries to ice Maximum Bob with a unique weapon: a hungry alligator. There is a long enemies list, including Leanne, the judge's loony wife; Dale Crowe, the latest victim of his warped justice; Dale's murderous uncle Elvin; and Dr. Tommy Vasco, a former dermatologist with a skinfest of booze and drugs. Maximum Bob's survival depends on Kathy Baker, an attractive young probation officer. She and the rest of the cast provide a few entertaining moments

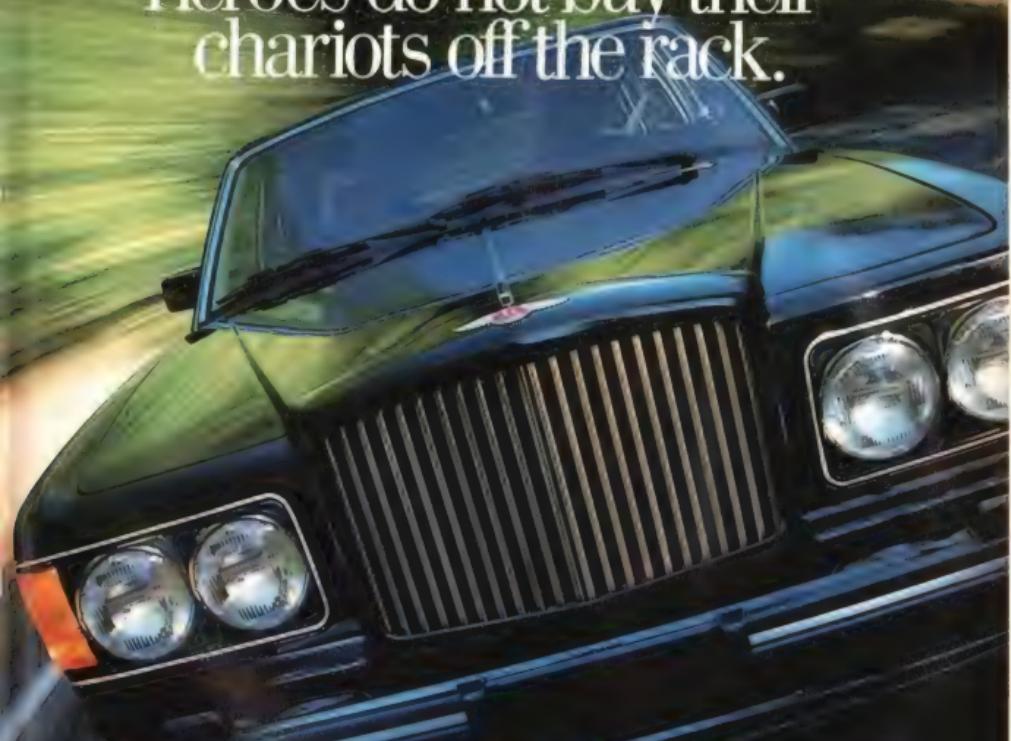


for diehard fans. All others should wait until Leonard takes early retirement from the police farce.

**T**an Australian doctor, an idealistic revolutionary, a dazzling lady leftist whose eyes show "a vulnerability that she took such pains to conceal . . ." Len Deighton is at it again, this time in the treacherous jungles of South America. Throughout *MAMista* (HarperCollins; 410 pages; \$21.95), guerrillas attempt to seize control of Spanish Guiana, currently under the thumb of crypto-fascist goons. The covert war is rife with betrayal, and ultimately no one is pure in Deighton's 17th spy novel. Intrigues misfire; disease kills more effectively than bullets; and corruption becomes the order of the day. Even so, the characters are shrewdly delineated, and the suspense continues until the final paragraph. Moral ambiguity used to be called Greeneland. Since Graham Greene's death, that territory is open for conquest. At least a part of it ought to be renamed Deightonsville.

**W**hen the body of Carla Tate washes up a few miles south of Santa Barbara, the flashbacks unreel in *A Hollywood Life* (Simon & Schuster; 320 pages; \$19.95). The movie star, née Karen Teitel, makes her screen debut in infancy, moves on to kiddie westerns and eventually becomes a major cinema celebrity. En route she passes through every Hollywood vicissitude and fashion, from child abuse to blacklisting to Vietnam protests to exercise tapes. She also manages to collect a series of husbands and lovers, most notably movie executive Jack Markel, who has all the

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COMING THIS SUMMER

Hollywood requisites: he is 30 years older, married, with strong ties to the Mob. David Freeman's pop tragedy contains snippets of biographical detail from the lives of Elizabeth Taylor, Shirley Temple, Jane Fonda and Natalie Wood. You've read the movies. Now see the book.

**B**ack cast, show business is more perilous for producers than for performers. Ben Riller is an impresario with a string of hits behind him and catastrophe in sight: he wants to produce a play in verse. (There actually was a rhyming comedy on Broadway this season, *La Bete*, and it bombed.) Short on cash, Ben borrows from Nick Manucci, a colorful old mafioso who wants 10% interest weekly, plus 50% of the show. As events hurtle toward opening night, agitations grow and Ben becomes more and more indecisive until, like Hamlet, he begins having conversations with his late father. Fortunately, they are witty exchanges by two convincing characters. Then again, in *The Best Revenge* (Random House; 240 pages; \$20) everyone is convincing. Along with Tennessee Williams, novelist Sol Stein was a member of the Playwrights Unit at the Actors Studio. His portrait of backstage backstabbing is as uncomfortable as it is amusing, but Stein obviously knows what he is writhing about.

**P**laying the devil's advocate is Father Andrew M. Greeley's favorite avocation. His novels continually irritate the church he serves, by revealing Vatican politics and presenting flawed priests. The narrator of *An Occasion of Sin* (Putnam; 352 pages; \$19.95) puts forth the most imperfect of them all. The scurrilous, irritable Father Lar McAuliffe is assigned to test the claims of sainthood for his late detested colleague, John Cardinal McGlynn, martyred in Nicaragua. Father Lar rubs his hands in anticipation—he knows all about the Cardinal's mistress, his alcoholism and his rumored misuse of church funds. But as the priest pokes through the debris of a dead man's life, he finds that His Eminence performed many hidden acts of bravery and altruism. Is he worthy of canonization? Or does the past throw too long a shadow? Can it be that Greeley is knowledgeable and skilled enough to make the reader care? Saints preserve us.

**W**hen his wealthy Italian mistress dies, the amoral historian Max Mather inherits first choice from among her trove of paintings. Rummaging around, he finds two panels of aged wood. On them are portraits that have never been catalogued, both by Raphael, and each is worth in excess of

\$50 million. The Italian government may seize such rare items as national treasures, so Max works a scheme to spirit them out of the country. But this is only the beginning of *Masterclass* (St. Martin's Press; 330 pages; \$19.95). Author Morris West (*The Shoes of the Fisherman*, *The Clowns of God*) fills his palette with informed descriptions of the cutthroat gallery world and furnishes his novel with subplots concerning financial shenanigans in Zurich, the ski slopes of St.-Moritz and a murder in Manhattan. West, a longtime connoisseur, knows about the art of the deal and the dealing of the art.

**A** novel that stops on page 36 for a brief treatise on tea is obviously not in a hurry. Neither are the protagonists of *Bronze Mirror* (Henry Holt; 337 pages; \$19.95), *The Yellow Em-*

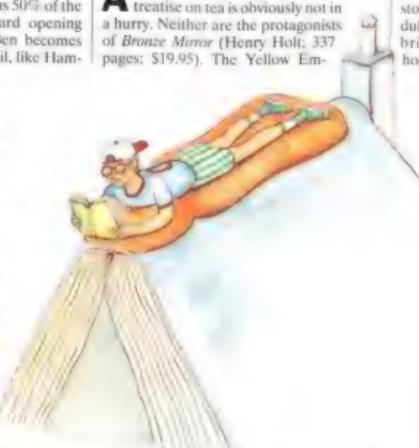
*sionate crush on her stepuncle: "I was smelling his cotton shirt, smoke and starch, and his soul, as if that, too, were a thing to be smelted." But a sudden glimpse of his unstable temper makes her realize how inexperienced she is in the ways of the world and propels her into the arms of a simpler, safer and younger admirer. The sense of yearning fills and illuminates almost all the other stories, of small-town Madame Bovaries with insensitive husbands, of divorcees who can be simultaneously tough-minded and bewildered: "I left my husband. Nearly six months ago, but I still can't believe it. I keep thinking I'll wake up."*

Roxana Robinson is a fly on the wall in the world of the Wasp. The people in her stories are inheritors of urbanity and indulgences. They belong to garden and bridge clubs; they have exceptional houses, servants, luxuries—and woes. A

*Glimpse of Scarlet* (Harper-Collins; 200 pages; \$18.95) watches a divorced mother betrayed by her son's prep school roommate; a man's failing eyesight turn into a "treason of the body"; wavering between wife and mistress, a publishing executive experiences moral vertigo in his ordered world; a wife holds her husband up to public ridicule, only to have things turn around as soon as they are alone in the bedroom. Once people like these were the focus of Henry James and Edith Wharton; in recent years Louis Auchincloss and John Cheever have been their chroniclers. Robinson shows a similar mastery of

subject and form, and she belongs in that august company.

"Your brain can get out of hand," says one character in *Typical* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 207 pages; \$19). Another figures that "character is nothing but warts." Judging from these 23 fictions, both statements are correct. Padgett Powell's two previous books, both novels (*Edisto*, *A Woman Named Drown*), exhibited a unique gift for regional American comedy. This sparkling collection reduces his scope without limiting his style. Dr. Ordinary is anything but: "He found God with no difficulty, but locating his belief another matter." Miss Resignation "liked football and was absolutely certain that she could have been an excellent off-tackle, slant-type runner ... 44 was her number. Forty-four was her bra size, too. This had held her back in life, she felt." Occasionally the other characters in these fragments become a little too waeko, as if they were acting out for the onlookers. But Powell has a unique and vigorous imagination, and his eccentricity, studied or spontaneous, is to be treasured and closely watched.



peror, who "discovered the wheel and the compass and such," the Silkweb Empress, responsible for "the delicate art of silk-worm rearing," and their courtiers all flourish during the Song dynasty, circa 1135. Another invention is announced: the Emperor's minister has developed a set of symbols called writing. Now every royal tale can be recorded. The aristocrats begin a leisurely contest for the title of best storyteller, and during the competition every conceivable subject arises, from sexual conquest to miracles, from poetry to war. Jeanne Larsen, who previously conjured up the floating vistas of medieval China in *Silk Road* (1989), returns to her theme without repeating herself; this is the summer's most audacious entertainment.

**I**mperials are not the only ones to offer beguiling short stories this season. The long-neglected art of yarn spinning is robust again, in three fine collections. Joan Chase's *Bonneville Blue* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 226 pages; \$16.95) contains 11 poignant tales. In one of the finest, *Elderberries and Souls*, the adolescent narrator recalls a pas-



ROBERT DUVALL IN THE NEW MEXICO DISTILLED LIQUOR CO. COUNTRY OF NEW MEXICO'S FINEST LIQUOR. © 1990 ROBERT DUVALL

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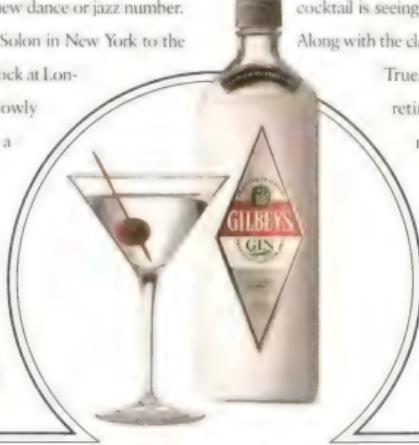
Every evening these stars performed, a polished mahogany counter their stage, a

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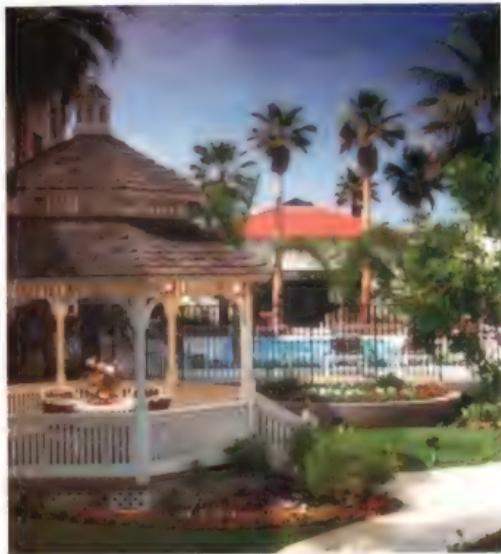
True, Harry Craddock is long retired. And your bartender may well have replaced his crisp white mess jacket with a simple shirt and tie.

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## Cinema



Locating radiance in the bosom of an ordinary bourgeois family: Delmara, Roussel and Ciamaca, left, and Caubère at his boules



# Reliving Impossible Dreams

From Provence, with love, come two idyllic comedies, the most beguiling films since charm went out of fashion

By RICHARD CORLISS

**H**igh art, we are taught, resides in the lower depths. Misery breeds profundity, the argument goes, and it has a corollary: anything cheery is a gilded lie. Drizzle is real, sunlight a sham. To focus on the sunny side, and to find resonance there, is to engage in a kind of aesthetic Reaganism. Every smile is a commercial for a product destined to be recalled: Life Lite.

Every once in a while, though, an artist refutes this gloomy view. Here it is two artists: the late French author and filmmaker Marcel Pagnol and the French director Yves Robert, who have collaborated across the generations on two airy magnificently movies, *My Father's Glory* and *My Mother's Castle*, adapted from Pagnol's memoirs. These films mope not; neither do they scold. Instead, audaciously, they take a vacation from fatalism and solemnity, locating radiance in the bosom of an ordinary bourgeois family. They say that life can be beguiling, beautiful—at least in the storybook clarity of Pagnol's art.

Best known in the U.S. for his 1930s films *Topaze*, *Fanny* and *The Baker's Wife*, and for a recent two-part movie hit (*Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Springs*) based on his novels, Pagnol is a figure unique in 20th century French culture. He might be described as the Provençal Mark Twain, if that beloved "regional" writer had also made movies championed by critics and the public. He could be a French Frank Capra, if that populist filmmaker had also been his country's most popular playwright. Pagnol introduced French theatergoers to the accent of his own rural south,

where Rs roll off the tongue like a river over its bed, and carted his movie camera out of the studio and into the side streets and luscious hills of Provence. The father of the French talkie, he was also the godfather of European neorealism.

Pagnolmania the French call their long love affair with the author-auteur (he died in 1974). That benign affliction was rekindled last year with the European release of *My Father's Glory* and *My Mother's Castle*. This summer the two-film magical memory tour comes to American screens. Rapture is the only appropriate response.

Pagnol was in his 60s when he wrote his *Memories of Childhood*. Robert, a friend of Pagnol's, was 70 when he directed the film adaptations. These are old men's movies about youth. They tell us that memories are precious because life is short. Mothers will die in their prime, and boys will fall in the Great War—a war that ended an age of innocence and left Pagnol with a bittersweet remembrance of things lost.

**H**ere is the Pagnol family: father Joseph (Philippe Caubère), a schoolteacher; mother Augustine (Nathalie Roussel), a seamstress; little Marcel (Benoit Martin, then Julien Ciamaca), a serious, curious child who reads everything he can find, from cookbooks to soap wrappers. In the first hour of *My Father's Glory*—the most luminous part of either film, or of any film since charm went out of fashion—Joseph anxiously faces a new teaching job. Augustine gives birth to a second son (Victorien Delmara), and Marcel's maiden aunt (Thérèse Liotard) meets her future husband (Didier Pain) while walking Marcel

in the park. For this middle-aged couple, love is a waltz in a summer shower. Her umbrella catches glints of a rainbow.

The handsome cast performs these epiphanies in grand, graceful comic style; the actors know this is not so much real life as ideal life. And Robert, whose reputation previously rested on slight farces such as *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*, presents the vignettes with an assured briskness the viewer barely has time to appreciate. They are like Marcel and his brother: eager and bright, soliciting our attention, trying to crowd each other out. But gently, no elbows. Again like Marcel, these films are at once playful and spectacularly well behaved.

Once the Pagnols take a summer cottage in Bastide Neuve, the movies stay there, as if they have found their true home. Marcel makes easy friends with a local mountain boy; he feels an edgy ecstasy in the company of a precocious coquette. And the locals, who were small-minded and suspicious in the Jean de Florette films, mingle like communicants in the Pagnols' joie de vivre. A game of boules on the village green. The bagging of a couple of rock partridges. A forbidden family trip across three great estates. Nothing much happens; everything is revealed. We leave young Marcel as he stretches toward puberty, sneaking a peek at the rest of his life. The boy is ready for it. He has been raised in the glory of his father's tutorial wisdom and sheltered in the castle of his mother's embrace.

Perhaps a childhood this idyllic could exist only in an aged writer's reverie—in an attic stocked with antiques all the more precious to him because he alone realizes their value. The great gift of Pagnol's memoirs is to create a universal family out of what may have been his private fantasy. They capture the anecdotes of a Provence youth in a scrapbook that all can take delight in. This brace of films is a gift to moviegoers too. It might have fallen into their arms out of an impossibly sunny sky. ■

## Designated Heroine

DYING YOUNG

Directed by Joel Schumacher

Screenplay by Richard Friedenberg

**H**ilary O'Neil (Julia Roberts) is poor but healthy, uneducated but full of spunk common sense. Victor Geddes (Campbell Scott) is rich but mortally ill, overeducated and understandably fearful and withdrawn. In other words, they are made for each other.

If close to a century of movie history has not taught us that, then the past year of Roberts' professional history certainly has. For she has become the designated heroine of our redemptive fairy tales. Having taught a workaholic conglomerate how to love in *Pretty Woman* and herself how to overcome the battered-wife syndrome in *Sleeping with the Enemy*, surely she can help Victor come to grips with the sadness of *Dying Young*.

The trouble with this story is its predictability. Act I: boy and girl meet querulously. Act II: they love rapturously, and that sends Victor's leukemia into remission. Act III: illness returns, love falters, but everyone eventually learns to face an unknowable future with a certain fortitude.

Within the confines of its conventions, the film handles its material fairly honorably. It does not prettify the rigors of cancer treatment, and it does not pump out a cloud of cheap sentiment when things start to go bad for the patient. But if anything redeems *Dying Young*, it is the playing. Roberts has a head on the twenty-something spirit—it's curious blend of certainty and confusion—and Scott catches the inwardness and detachment of a figure astonished to find himself exploring the near side of the far side prematurely. The cool tact of his performance is all the more effective for its understatement and—just what this picture needs—it's total lack of predictability.

—By Richard Schickel



Roberts and Scott: twentysomething spirit



Robin Williams' Babel of Slavic accents enlivens *The Fool and the Flying Ship*, which is illustrated by Henrik Drescher

## Video

### Bringing Back Storytelling

With classic tales read by Hollywood stars, Rabbit Ears videos are a delightful antidote to Saturday-morning kidvid

**J**ack Nicholson's best performance in the past five years? With all due respect to *Batman* and *The Witches of Eastwick*, it just may be a half-hour stint Nicholson did for, of all things, a children's video. He is narrator of *The Elephant's Child*, an adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's whimsical story about how the elephant got its trunk. Backed by the music of Bobby McFerrin, Nicholson gives a droll, spirited reading, wrapping his tongue around Kipling's sensuous words—"the great, gray-green, greasy Lim-po-po River"—like a gourmet savoring oysters.

By the same token, it would be hard to imagine a funnier, better modulated comic performance from Robin Williams than the Babel of Slavic accents he brings to a Russian folktale called *The Fool and the Flying Ship*. Or a more touching turn by Sissy Spacek than her reading of the pensive Japanese story *Peachboy*. Or a sprightly showcase for Michael Palin's Pythonesque versatility than his rendition of *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Star power has come to children's video. More important, so has the lost art of storytelling. Credit goes to a small Connecticut company called Rabbit Ears Productions, which for six years has been assembling a library of children's literature on video. Each story is illustrated by a top-flight artist, scored by a noted composer (Ry Cooder, Herbie Hancock) and narrated by a moonlighting Hollywood actor.

For kids brought up on frenetic Saturday-morning animation, these half-hour videos are leisurely paced and look comparatively low-tech. Visually, they are little more than still pictures strung together in a technique known, rather generously, as dis-

solve animation. Sales have been moderate (cost: \$9.95 or \$14.95 a tape), but titles are multiplying rapidly. Following its initial series of 18 storybook classics (*Thumbelina*, read by Kelly McGillis; *The Emperor's New Clothes*, with John Gielgud), the company has just launched a new collection of folktales from around the world, featuring stars like Denzel Washington and Meryl Streep. Also in the works: legendary American tales and Bible stories. The videos are being run on the Showtime cable network, and Raul Julia is recording them in Spanish.

The success of Rabbit Ears has a fairytale quality of its own. The company is the brainchild of Mark Sotnick, 46, a former high school science teacher from Philadelphia, who began making children's films in the early '80s. In 1985 he and his partner (and now wife) Doris Wilhousky produced a TV version of one of their favorite children's stories, *The Velveteen Rabbit*. They managed to persuade Meryl Streep—the "friend of a friend"—to read the narration. The tape won a passel of awards and set Rabbit Ears hopping. In the past year the staff has grown from four to 18, straining the capacity of the two-story barn-wood building in Westport, Conn., that serves as a homey headquarters.

Sotnick is quick to admit that because of the low action level and sophisticated content of Rabbit Ears tapes, "they're not going to be every kid's cup of tea." But he adds, "I think the stories should be what every parent strives for: not to sell kids short." In an age of Smurfs, Urkels and Ninja Turtles, that should be music to parents' ears.

—By Richard Zoglin.

Reported by William Tynan/Westport

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## Music

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF COOPER



### IN THEIR WORDS

#### ONE LESS BITCH

... In reality a fool is one who believes all women are ladies; a niggga is one who believes all ladies are bitches. And all bitches are created equal. To me all bitches are the same, money hungry scandalous, groupie has, that's always riding on a niggga's d\_\_\_\_\_, always in a niggga's pocket ...

#### APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION

... To help me get a bit more s\_\_\_\_\_ you gotta commit murder in the first degree and manslaughter, taking the life of his wife and young daughter. A whole city of bitches that look sucked up, and the niggas are killing straight f\_\_\_\_\_ up. Whoever said what I'm sayin' is for greed, denying what they're trying to feed my appetite for destruction; that appetite is tremendous so I'm going to spend this; try for some violence because they asked me to end this.

# A Nasty Jolt for the Top Pops

**N.W.A.'s grotesque new rap album soars to No. 1, raising questions about why ghetto rage and the brutal abuse of women appeal to mainstream listeners**

By JAY COCKS

**N**o time to chill. Here's a representative lyric from *Efil4zaggin*, the latest album by the rap group N.W.A. (Niggers with Attitude): "This is the bitch that did the whole crew! She did it so much we made bets on who the ho would love to go through . . . And she lets you videotape her! And if you got a gang of niggers the bitch'll let you rape her."

Last week *Efil4zaggin*—"niggaz4life" backwards—was the best-selling pop album in America. It was at the very top of *Billboard's* main chart—without benefit of a video on MTV, without the help of a hit single and, most amazingly, without getting much play on radio stations, most of which never received promotional copies. *Efil4zaggin* has sold so many copies (more than 1 million) in its three weeks of release that it has sailed to the No. 1 position. That

means it's the biggest thing in the music business at the moment.

That also means it could be a long, hot summer.

N.W.A. raps nasty and righteous, with real ghetto heat, and doesn't give an inch. A couple of the new songs, such as *Real Niggaz Don't Die* and *Appetite for Destruction*, can really stir things up: their fury is incendiary. Everything good about N.W.A.—and a lot that isn't—is straight street: smarts, attitude, language, beat. *Efil4zaggin* is a rap mural of ghetto life, spray-painted with blood. It is for hard-case rappers, and it is no sell-out. N.W.A. got to the No. 1 spot by bearing down just as hard as it always has: its first album, *Straight Outta Compton*, which has sold 2 million copies, contained an off-the-cop cut called *F\_\_\_\_ the Police* that catered to the resentment and rage of anyone, white or black, who ever looked down the barrel of a police special.

But if street-seasoned bloods won't be disappointed by *Efil4zaggin*, they may be surprised by the company they're keeping. A major, and perhaps deciding, factor in the album's startling success is the appeal it has for another crucial segment of the record-buying public: white, middle-class teenage males. "T.B.W.A.S. that's who's buying N.W.A.'s album," says Joel Abramson, manager of a Tower Records branch in Woodland Hills, Calif. "Teenage boys with attitude." Woodland Hills is an affluent suburb of Los Angeles, 75 miles northwest of Compton, the black community where N.W.A. still hangs out. "These boys are looking for something to relate to, to rebel with," says Abramson. "They're rebels without a clue."

They've got lots of company all across the country. At Tower stores nationwide, *Efil4zaggin* was the No. 2 seller for the week ending June 10; at Central South

Music Sales, a Nashville-based distributorship, it was No. 1 for roughly the same period. Tom Myers of the Camelot Music shop in Springfield, Mo.—whose patrons tend to be suburban kids rather than ghetto gang members—says the similarly fast sales in his store “are very uncanny for a rap title.”

What's up? M.C. Ren, one of the members of N.W.A., thinks he has the answer. “The record's real. It's the truth. White kids have been seeing so many negative images of blacks in the media for most of their lives. Now they have a chance to see something real. White kids got hip. What can you say?”

**S**ay what? The fact is, *Efil4zaggin* is an entire open season for negative stereotyping. That's the classic rap posture, black male division, of course: turning the comic-book white fantasy of the black male as a murderous sexual stud into a hyperbolic reality. Rappers like N.W.A. and Public Enemy want to scare the living hell out of white America—and sell it a whole mess of records—by making its worst racial nightmares come true.

This makes for some interesting distinctions in the group's audience. Timothy White, editor of *Billboard*, thinks N.W.A.'s attraction for white male teens is “danger at a safe distance.” Jon Sheeter, the Harvard-educated editor of *The Source*, a monthly journal of hip-hop culture, points out that although “it's a cool status symbol among white kids to like and identify with N.W.A., most of the black community doesn't like them. There's a lot of positive, intelligent rap out there, and N.W.A. is negative to the extreme.”

Women, even more than cops, take the brunt of the abuse on the album. Listening to a continual obscene litany about bitches, hos, and the things they want or are willing to do with the group's sex organs is an exercise in brutalization. It doesn't make N.W.A. seem bad, it makes them look awful. M.C. Ren doesn't see it that way, natch. “Ever since we did *Just Don't Bite It* [on the EP *100 Miles and Runnin'*], girls tell me how much they like it,” he says. “They like *She Swallowed It* a lot. The only people who think our stuff is bad are the people who don't listen to it.”

Not quite. Over in England, where authorities are mulling a ban on the new album, Sinéad O'Connor has backed off her previous vigorous support of the group. She told the *New Musical Express* that N.W.A.'s “attitudes have become increasingly dangerous. The way they deal with women in their songs is pathetic.”

N.W.A. has serious stuff to say, but they are stifled by their ravening sexism. No excuse cuts it, no rationalization holds. Until that attitude changes, “the world's most dangerous group,” as it bills itself on *Efil4zaggin*, will be a threat above all to itself.

—Reported by Sally B. Donnelly/  
Los Angeles and Gina Bellafante/New York

## Look, Ma—No Amps!

**MTV's Unplugged gets high-powered rockers to loosen up and go acoustic, but the results are still electrifying**

Ivis Costello is only 30 seconds into his set before a small audience in a Los Angeles TV studio when—*baing!*—a broken guitar string brings the music to a halt. During rehearsals, Costello has already groused about the lighting and the sound, so the tension in the wings is palpable. But the mercurial rocker calmly accepts a new guitar and starts again, launching into an acoustic rendition of *Deep Dark Truthful Mirror*. When Costello leaves the stage

sion, which debuted last week at No. 14 on *Billboard*'s chart of Top Pop Albums.

When *Unplugged* was launched in January 1990, it started out by presenting such offbeat performers as Sinéad O'Connor, Neil Young and Squeeze. Then an appearance by ex-Eagle Don Henley “upped the ante,” according to MTV creative director Judy McGrath. Now the show regularly ranks as one of the network's best-performing programs.



Low-key coup: R.E.M. strumming its hits without the help—or hindrance—of high wattage

nine songs and an hour later, the audience is clamoring for more.

For the creators of *Unplugged*, MTV's hit program featuring all acoustic performances, such unstrung moments are part of the fun. “Everything's last-minute, and that's the way we like it,” producer Alex Coletti says of the Costello segment, which will air next week. “It gives the show the loose feel we want.”

*Unplugged*'s easygoing atmosphere attracts stars. Elton John, Paul McCartney and Sting are among the names who have strummed or banged out their hits without the help—or hindrance—of amplifiers and electric guitars. Performing without high wattage, muses Sting, makes it necessary “to rethink the music in terms of the arrangement, dynamics and presentation. You are forced to excavate the structure of a song from under layers of synthesizers and overdubbed voices.”

Performers are also drawn by the opportunity to play for 150 or so fans in a relatively intimate, informal setting. McCartney found the experience “a bit like going back to the old days, playing small clubs, so you get a pretty good idea of how your set is going down.” The ex-Beatle's set went down so well that he has released a limited-edition, 500,000-copy recording of the ses-

In April it scored a coup by snagging R.E.M. for one of only two concerts the band performed in the U.S. to promote its No. 1 album, *Out of Time*. Last month *Unplugged* broke musical ground by offering an acoustic jam headlined by rappers LL Cool J and De La Soul that exposed the R-and-B roots of the rap sound. “It sounded like something that would never work,” says McGrath.

For that matter, doesn't *Unplugged*, with its absence of flashy imagery and souped-up electronics, run against the whole idea of MTV? “In some ways it sounds like it would be anathema,” McGrath concedes. “But there's something about *Unplugged* that's very simple and very clear. You can appreciate that there's somebody out there playing it one time, with no chance to mix it or fix it.”

McGrath hopes to continue expanding *Unplugged*'s appeal by signing up more women and trying provocative experiments like, say, a collaboration between Panamanian singer Rubén Blades and New York City rocker Lou Reed. Meanwhile, *Unplugged* has proved that MTV doesn't need electricity to keep its audiences wired.

—By Guy Garcia.  
With reporting by Dan Cray/Los Angeles



## Essay

Barbara Ehrenreich

# Why Don't We Like The Human Body?

There's something wrong when a \$7 movie in the mall can leave you with post-traumatic stress syndrome. In the old days killers merely stalked and slashed and strangled. Today they flay their victims and stash the rotting, skinless corpses. Or they eat them filleted, with a glass of wine, or live and with the skin still on when there's no time to cook. It's not even the body count that matters anymore. What counts is the number of ways to trash the body: decapitation, dismemberment, impalings and (ranging into the realm of the printed word) eye gouging, power drillings and the application of hungry rodents to some poor victim's innards.

All right, terrible things do happen. Real life is filled with serial killers, mass murderers and sickos of all degrees. Much of the 20th century, it could be argued, has been devoted to ingenious production and disposal of human corpses. But the scary thing is not that eye gougings and vivisections and meals of human flesh may, occasionally, happen. The scary thing, the thing that ought to make the heart pound and the skin go cold and tingly, is that somehow we find this fun to watch.

There are some theories, of course. In what might be called the testosterone theory, a congenital error in the wiring of the male brain leads to a confusion between violence and sex. Men get off on hideous mayhem and women, supposedly, cover their eyes. Then there's the raging puritan theory, which is based on the statistical fact that those who get slashed or eaten on the screen are usually guilty of a little fooling around themselves. It's only a tinge of rectitude we feel, according to this, when the bad girl finally gets hers. There's even an invidious comparison theory: we enjoy seeing other people get sautéed or chain-sawed because at least it's not happening to us.

The truth could be so much simpler that it's staring us in the face. There's always been a market for scary stories and vi-

carious acts of violence. But true horror can be bloodless, as in Henry James' matchless tale, *The Turn of the Screw*. Even reckless violence, as in the old-time western, need not debauch the human form. No, if offerings like *American Psycho* and *The Silence of the Lambs* have anything to tell us about ourselves, it must be that at this particular historical moment, we have come to hate the body.

Think about it. Only a couple of decades ago, we could conceive of better uses for the body than as a source of meat or leather. Sex, for example. Sex was considered a valid source of thrills even if both parties were alive and remained so throughout the act. Therapists urged us to "get in touch with our bodies"; feminists celebrated "our bodies, ourselves." Minimally, the body was a cuddly personal habitat that could be shared with special loved ones. Maximally, it was a powerhouse offering multiple orgasms and glowing mind-body epiphanies. Skin was something to massage or gently stroke.

Then, for good reasons or bad, we lost sex. It turned out to spread deadly viruses. It offended the horn-again puritans. It led to messy entanglements that interfered with networking and power lunching. Since there was no way to undress for success, we switched in the mid-'80s to food. When we weren't eating, we were watching food-porn starring Julia Child or working off calories on the Stairmaster. The body wasn't perfect, but it could, with effort and willpower, be turned into a lean, mean eating machine.

And then we lost food. First they took the red meat, the white bread and the Chocolate Decadence desserts. Then they came for the pink meat, the cheese, the butter, the tropical oils and, of course, the whipped cream. Finally, they wanted all protein abolished, all fat and uncomplex carbohydrates, leaving us with broccoli and Metamucil. Everything else, as we know, is transformed by our treacherous bodies into insidious, slow-acting toxins.

So no wonder we enjoy seeing the human body being shredded, quartered, flayed, filleted and dissolved in vats of acid. Let it us down. No wonder we love heroes and megavillains like RoboCop and the Terminator, in whom all soft, unreliable tissue has been replaced by metal alloys. Or that we like reading (even in articles deeply critical of the violence they manage to summarize) about diabolical new uses for human flesh. It's been, let's face it, a big disappointment. May as well feed it to the rats or to any cannibalistically inclined killer still reckless enough to indulge in red meat.

No, it's time for a truce with the soft and wayward flesh. Maybe violent imagery feeds the obsessions of real-life sickos. Or maybe, as some argue, it drains their sickness off into harmless fantasy. But surely it cheapens our sense of ourselves to think that others, even fictional others, could see us as little more than meat. And it's hard to believe all this carnage doesn't dull our response to the global wastage of human flesh in famine, flood and war.

We could start by admitting that our '70s-era expectations were absurdly high. The body is not a reliable source of ecstasy or transcendental insight. For most of our lives, it's a shambling, jury-rigged affair, filled with innate limitations, contradictions, broken springs. Hollywood could help by promoting better uses for the body, like real sex, by which I mean sex between people who are often wrinkled and overweight and sometimes even fond of each other. The health mechanics could relax and acknowledge that one of the most marvelous functions of the body is, in fact, to absorb small doses of whipped cream and other illicit substances.

Then maybe we can start making friends with our bodies again. They need nurture and care, but they should also be good for a romp now and then, by which I mean something involving dancing or petting as opposed to dicing and flaying. But even "friends" is another weirdly alienated image. The truth, which we have almost forgotten, is that Bodies "R" Us. ■



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SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE

*A Nation of Neighborhoods*

# PAW OPENS THE OUTDOORS TO THE DISABLED

**A**merica's national parks are now more accessible to people with disabilities, thanks to a unique group of volunteers based in Empire, Colorado.

The group is called PAW—Physically Challenged Access to the Woods. It began in 1989 when Carol Hunter wanted to write a book about nature areas accessible to the disabled.

"I immediately found a big problem: There were very few," she reports. "So we decided to start right here and make one."

#### **Everyone Pitched In**

PAW's first project was Yeoman Park, a meadow-filled area in nearby Eagle, Colorado. Hunter and newspaper editor Cliff Thompson—an avid fly-fisherman who is himself paraplegic—gathered volunteers and materials to improve the park with help from the local Rotary Club and the Forest Service.

Construction projects involved building tent platforms for physically challenged campers and installing wide benches in rest rooms for people in wheelchairs. A fishing dock was built for easy wheelchair use, even in wet

weather. A local pipe company worked with artists to create tactile interpretive material at archeological sites for visitors with visual impairments. A local hotel allowed employees time off to build a nature trail.

"We call it a family trail because it's for everyone," says Hunter. "It's for your grandfather who had a stroke, your small children, your brother in a wheelchair from Vietnam, your aunt with cataracts."

PAW volunteer Al Laurenson, who's a Forest Service employee, knows the importance of PAW's work firsthand: While fighting the Yosemité fires two years ago, he was injured by a falling tree and now uses a wheelchair.

#### **The Word Spreads**

Yeoman Park was such a success as a prototype of accessible design, the word spread west. Now more than 1,000 volunteers from four PAW chapters are active in Colorado and Idaho. Volunteers are always busy.

They conduct accessibility evaluations, coordinate contributions of labor and materials, educate the public about barrier-free design and act as an information clearinghouse.

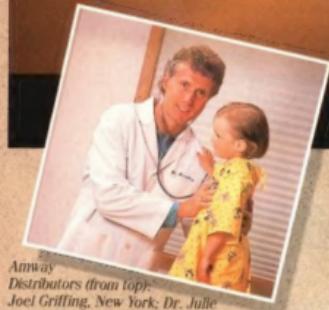
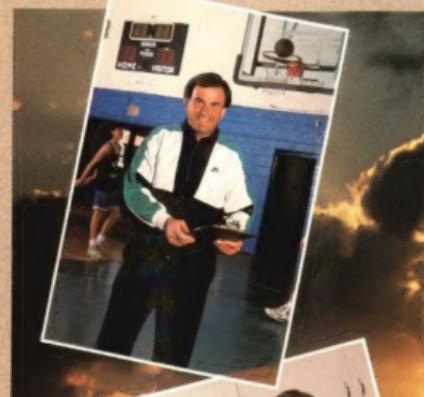
"It's great to see how we make these beautiful spaces more convenient and useable to all visitors," says PAW chairman Steve Fausel.

Bill Ivy, a Forest Service engineer, agrees. "The healing power of nature is enormous, especially for those who might have trouble getting out and away to the outdoors," he says. "We want to make outdoor life available to everyone and PAW is helping us make that goal a reality."



**Idaho PAW volunteer Larry Thrasher enjoys a Lower Salmon River Gorge campsite.**

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